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**Anzac Day**





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wherever she goes...*



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"We thought you'd like it for the march," Jean said, as her father studied the walking-stick.

# On Anzac Day

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

JEAN WILLIS' eyes were bright as she asked: "Will we have the presents before or after dinner?"

She had been asking the question every year since she'd been old enough to understand that fathers had birthdays, too. And for as long as that her mother had said, "After, dear, or the dinner will spoil."

The party sat round the table—Jim Willis at one end, his plump wife, pretty and festive in a floral dress with a pink rose from the garden pinned near the neck, sat at the other end.

Jean and her "young man," Fred Thorpe, were at one side; Aunt Ada, Jim's unmarried sister, and Ned Summers, his old friend and bowling companion, on the other.

Mrs. Willis had cooked "Dad's birthday dinner," roast chicken, peas and roast potatoes, and wine trifle. There was beer for the men, a glass of sherry for the women, while the birthday cake stood proudly in the centre of the table.

"No, we couldn't forget Dad's birthday even if we wanted to," Mrs. Willis said every year, "because it's the day before Anzac Day."

The sugar bells and flowers that Mrs. Willis put on the cake every

year had begun to look rather faded during the early war years when they couldn't be replaced.

But this year Jean had bought new ones, which Aunt Ada exclaimed about.

When Jim Willis had his fortieth birthday the family had put twenty-one candles round the cake. After that it became their annual joke to put the twenty-one candles on it every year until the year of his forty-ninth birthday, when young Jim, in his father's old battalion, was killed in New Guinea.

Young Jim would have been twenty-one that year, so Mrs. Willis didn't put the candles on Jim Senior's birthday cake.

Nobody in the family needed to say anything about it.

The dinner passed off brightly, the birthday cake was cut, and finally chairs were pushed back from the table.

Jim smoothed down the folds of her blue party frock and disappeared with mock mysteriousness for "the presents."

She came back with her arms clutched the parcels. The hall light made a shimmer on her fair hair, and her eyes were dark with excitement.

Jim Willis received his presents

in the same order that Jean had presented them since the first time, when she could barely say the names and young Jim had stood and fidgeted beside her and prompted her in each little speech.

"From Mother," "From Aunt Ada," "From Uncle Ned," she announced solemnly while her father unwrapped each one and made half-finished sentences of thanks with a pleased, embarrassed smile.

Jean's as usual came last, but this year, instead of "From Me," it was "From Fred and Me."

FRED and Jean stood side by side, their young faces pleased and anxious, while Mr. Willis opened a long, tubular parcel.

From the wrappings emerged a stout walking-stick with an ivory knob.

Mrs. Willis saw her husband's lips tremble as he studied it silently. Ned began fumbling in his pocket for his pipe and tobacco.

"We thought you'd like it for the march to-morrow," Jean said breathlessly, "because your old leg's been troubling you a bit this last year."

Mrs. Willis understood her hus-

band's silence. Intuitively, she knew he was saying to himself: "So that's how they see me. An old dodderer that needs a stick."

And with a tightness in her throat she chided herself: "I should have warned him about the present."

Jim, suddenly recalling that he was expected to say something, spoke at length in a polite, strange voice:

"Very nice," he said, "but there's plenty of life in my old stumps yet, y'know. Still, the stick'll be handy, thanks. Wonder where it came from? Some old codger from the Boer War, I suppose."

Over the washing-up, Aunt Ada, always forthright, said: "I think the kids might have hurt old Jim's feelings with that walking-stick."

Mrs. Willis signalled silence behind Jean's back.

"You go out and talk to Fred. You know he's shy with your father and Uncle Ned," she said to Jean.

"Poor child," she went on as the door closed, "she and Fred have spent weeks searching for that stick, and now Jim's offended and I'd planned to broach the subject about the house to-night."

"The house?" asked Aunt Ada, sensing family battle. "What house?"

"Well," explained Mrs. Willis meekly, "Fred's got another year of his engineering course to do, and he and Jean want to get married before he's finished. And I think they should. They lost all those years while Fred was in the Air Force, and I think he'd settle down to his studies better if they were married." She smiled gently.

"He wouldn't be wasting time catching the train out here to see Jean and going home again, for one thing."

"Don't tell me you want to turn that soldier's family out of your house at the beach," Aunt Ada said suspiciously.

"No, we've got a better idea than that," Mrs. Willis said bravely. "Jean and I thought it could easily be made into two flats. And, strictly between you and me, we've talked it over with the people in the house, and they're quite keen because it'd mean they'd pay less rent."

She paused a moment, glancing half guiltily at the closed door, then went on speaking.

"Ned's a builder, and I'm sure he'd help Jim and Fred do the alterations. And we'd probably be all right for permits for the materials, because both the tenants would be ex-servicemen."

"Yes, I must say it's quite a good idea," Aunt Ada agreed handsomely. "But I wouldn't broach it to Jim to-night." She frowned slightly.

"It's a pity Jim doesn't like young Fred better," she went on. "If only Fred had been in the Army instead of the Air Force it would have helped you. But you know how Jim never will admit the Air Force did as much in the war as the Army did—and that's a mild version of the things he says."

She smiled a little grimly. "If you take my advice, I wouldn't mention it to-night," she concluded. "No, I think you're right," Mrs. Willis agreed.

Please turn to page 12

Page 3



# CHECK FLIGHT

Two problems were on his mind—  
the co-pilot's skill, and Sue's fur coat.

IN the waiting-room of the airport's administration building, Colin Murdoch paused at a window to peer out at the weather. Heavy rain hid most of the airport from view, but what little could be seen would make any pilot shudder.

Colin was thinking of the fur coat Sue wanted and wondering if it could possibly be worth so much. When it came to fur coats, wives seemed to lose all semblance of sanity.

Only the day before she had even made an issue of it, tearfully declaring that he was no longer in love with her. Colin wondered what buying a fur coat had to do with being in or out of love. She should know, he thought with sudden anger, that I'm as crazy about her as I ever was.

He glanced again at the weather and remembered, with a small start, that there would be no passengers this flight. All passenger flights were grounded, but cargo flights were still on schedule.

He went back into Operations, collected his brief case, records, and logs, and started out of the room. He was stopped at the door by Howard Varley, manager of flight personnel. "Got a minute to spare, Captain?"

He led the way into his office, dropped into the chair behind the desk, and said, "It's about Jerry Evans, your co-pilot on this flight."

Colin nodded. "I have never met him."

"I know. He's a nice boy. He's only been on cargo runs before, but he seems to have the stuff for a first officer. He's been checked before, but always by cargo pilots."

"Do you want me to make this run a check flight?"

"In a way, yes," Varley's eyes slid away. "You see, Captain, we are considering placing him on a passenger run—possibly as your co-pilot."

"Oh, that's different," Colin

blinked uneasily. "I don't know. I'll see."

"Of course. Look him over thoroughly." He got up and shook hands. "I think you'll like Jerry."

"Well, I'll see—"

Colin backed away and left the room.

Varley watched him go, then turned to his secretary. "There," he said, "goes the biggest stiff shirt on the line. He doesn't know it, but he's really the one being checked."

"Why? Isn't he supposed to be one of the best pilots in the business?"

"That is open to argument. But the trouble is we can't get co-pilots to stick with him. They get fed up with him in no time. He can't seem to realise that the other man knows how to fly, too. So he lectures from start to finish of a trip."

"But how do you mean he's the one being checked?"

"None of the good co-pilots will fly with him. Jerry may be willing, because he's anxious to get out of cargo and on a passenger run. But if even Jerry refuses, then we'll transfer Colin to a cargo run."

The secretary whistled softly. "What a slap in the face that would be."

"Yes. Worst of it is he has a wife and three children."

Jerry Evans was a redhead, with jaunty shoulders, but his face was a smooth mask. He had learned to put that mask on the hard way. On probation with the line, Jerry had kept his temper under control. He had passed all his physical and flight checks. The airline people liked him. He knew he was on the verge of promotion. There was no other reason for a crack pilot like Colin Murdoch to be suddenly assigned a cargo flight. This was the final check.

Jerry knew all about Captain Murdoch, by reputation. Murdoch was prim—the boys'-camp-instructor type. He never smoked, he never took a drink, he exercised with all the



"As soon as I'm through here," Colin said, "we're going into town to make a night of it."

zeal of a religious fanatic, he lectured, and he gave advice at the drop of a hat. Of all the rotten luck, to be given a final check by that kind of a stuffed shirt!

Colin signed the despatcher's departure log, and stepped inside the plane.

The co-pilot introduced himself and shook hands. Colin liked the younger man's wide, friendly smile and the firm handshake, but his own expression did not alter. He checked the logs, listened to the engines, and watched the spinning propellers whip the heavy sheets of rain back over the metal wing. Then he throttled down and nodded to Jerry.

"You're doing the flying on this trip," he said. "But I notice we're carrying an overload. Watch it on the take-off. Hold it down. Let the plane lift itself off."

Jerry settled himself in his seat and frowned out at the rain. He eased the plane to the take-off point and opened the throttles until the engines were roaring. The plane moved forward, skidded, then roared on into the rain.

A cross-runway suddenly appeared ahead of them, but neither of them could see how the rain had washed a ditch along the edge of the concrete almost two feet deep. The wheels hit the ditch with a tremendous crash and the plane bounced high into the air. Colin was thrown against the side of the cockpit and gashed his left temple. He was stunned for a moment.

Jerry sweated it out alone, fought the big plane from settling back into the mud, and held it in the air. The ground dropped from sight and the plane reached its nose up through the rain, pulling for altitude.

Colin wiped the blood from his forehead and blinked at Jerry.

"That was a good job," he said.

Jerry grinned. "Thanks. I think we hit a ditch."

"No doubt." He twisted about so Jerry could see the left side of his head. He asked, "Is it bad?"

Jerry frowned, turned the wheel over to him, and went aft for the first-aid kit. When he returned he washed the gash with antiseptic and taped on a small bandage. Then

he slid back into his seat and took over the flying.

"By the way, sir," he said presently, "the left wheel took a long time coming up. I forgot to tell you."

Colin got out of his seat and went back through the cabin to the tail.

By  
**H. VERNON  
DIXON**

From the rear windows he could see under the low wing. The two wheels were tucked up behind the engine nacelles, but the metal flap covering under the left engine was still open.

He returned to his seat and said to Jerry, "Something is damaged. But we'll go on. No sense crossing a bridge before we come to it."

Jerry concentrated on the instruments. Colin had a radio chart on his knees and was working out a problem with pencil and paper. Presently he said, "Work out a standard orientation procedure and let-down. Break it off at a thousand feet and resume course."

Jerry banked to the right, swearing under his breath. "Now," he thought, "come the school-room lectures. Doesn't he realise I wouldn't be in this seat if I didn't know orientation procedures?"

While Jerry was going through the procedure, Colin half closed his eyes and turned over in his mind the argument he had had with Sue that morning. Her accusations burned in his brain.

"You've become smug and self-centred lately. You're a good husband and a good provider, and you think I should be contented with that, but I'm not. I married you because I loved you and you said you were in love with me."

He had tried to calm her, but his efforts only made matters worse. "Now, look, dear, you know I love you," he told her. "You and the children mean everything to me. You're just getting worked up about that fur coat."

"Colin," she cried, "it isn't the coat. I just thought you would like to buy me the coat, because it would show that you were still working at being in love. Do you see what I mean? It isn't as if we couldn't afford it."

He still could not understand it. He awoke at the grey void whirling about the ship and was as bewildered as ever. Why should a fur coat prove anything? He shook his head, baffled.

Please turn to page 12



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# NO WIND OF BLAME

By GEORGETTE HEYER



"I knew you wouldn't mind my just walking in," White said, unabashed by Ermyntrude's hostility.

**ERMYNTRUDE CARTER**, wealthy and flamboyant ex-actress, looks forward with childish pleasure to the dinner party she is giving at her country home, Greystanes.

Star guest is **ALEXIS VARASASHVILI**, an exotic Russian prince; the party is also to include **SIR WILLIAM** and **LADY DERING** and their son **HUGH**.

Ermyntrude's own household is an ill-assorted one, consisting of volatile **VICKY FANSHAWE**, her daughter by her first marriage; **WALLY CARTER**, her morose husband; and **MARY CLIFFE**, Wally's ward.

Relations are already strained between Wally and Ermyntrude, owing to his increasing excesses and his friendship with **HAROLD WHITE**, a distant relation to whom he persuaded Ermyntrude to lease Greystanes' Dower House. With the Prince's arrival, Mary feels that the party will be absurd.

Now read column one:

**S**OON after the tea-table had been set before Ermyntrude, Vicky came into the drawing-room. Mary had little patience with poses, but had too much humor not to appreciate the manner of this entrance.

Vicky was sinuous in a tea-gown that swathed her limbs in folds of chiffon, and trailed behind her over the floor. She came in with her hand resting lightly on the neck of the Borzoi, and paused for a moment, looking round with tragic vagueness. The Borzoi, lacking histrionic talent, escaped from the imperceptible restraint of her hand to investigate the Prince.

Ermyntrude found nothing to laugh at in the tea-gown, or the exotic air that hung about her daughter. Mentally she applauded a good entrance, and thought that Vicky looked lovely. She called her attention to the Prince, who had sprung to his feet.

Wally, in whom the sight of his stepdaughter outplaying his guest had engendered emotions that threatened to overcome him, very soon finished his tea, and withdrew, taking the dog, Prince, with him. Mary stayed on, a rather silent but interested spectator of the comedy being enacted before her.

She had early written the Prince down as a fortune-hunter, and had wondered a little that he should waste his time on the married Ermyntrude. She now began to sus-

pect that his designs were set on Vicky, for he devoted himself to her with the utmost gallantry, including Ermyntrude in the conversation merely to corroborate his various estimates of Vicky's unplumbed soul.

After a time Mary grew tired of listening to absurdities, and went away. She did not see the Prince again until dinner-time, but went to Vicky's room to remonstrate with her as soon as she herself had changed her dress.

"I do wish you wouldn't pose so much!" said Mary. "Really, you're making a complete ass of yourself, and if it's for the Prince's benefit, I think he's phony."

"Oh, yes, so do I!" Vicky assented.

"Then why on earth bother to put on this sickening act?"

"It isn't a bother; I like it. I wish I were on the stage."

"You're certainly wasted here. Why has the Prince come here, do you suppose?"

"Well, I think because Mummy's so rich."

"Yes, but he knew she was married!"

"But she could divorce Wally, couldn't she? I think it's all frightfully subtle of Alexis, only Ermyntrude's very respectable, so perhaps he'll murder Wally in the end."

"Oh, don't talk rot!" said Mary impatiently.

"Well, I do think he might, quite easily. Besides Robert Steel is dropping in after dinner."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it."

"Well, nothing really, except that I told him to, because it'll make a situation. I think Robert and Alexis and Wally are the loveliest sort of triangle. Bottled passions, and things."

"Vicky!" Mary sounded shocked.

Vicky was busy reddening her lips, and said with difficulty: "Robert might murder Alexis. And, anyway, Mummy will know Solid Worth, and perhaps give up being thrilled by Alexis. Either way, it'll do."

"Look here, Vicky, that isn't funny!" said Mary severely. "You ought not to talk about your mother like that."

Ermyntrude had now to present him to the Prince. They made a sufficiently odd contrast, the one so thin, and handsome, and smiling, the other stocky, and rugged, and a little grim.

Mary, who knew, and was sorry for, Steel's silent adoration of Ermyntrude, was not surprised to see him look more uncompromising than usual, for Ermyntrude was hanging on the Prince's lips. To make matters worse, Wally, although he had not lingered over the port, had fortified himself with a good many drinks before dinner.

Steel's lips had tightened when his glance had first fallen on him, and beyond giving him a curt good-evening he had not again addressed him.

If Vicky's aim had been to provoke an atmosphere of constraint, she had succeeded admirably, Mary reflected. Nor, having introduced Steel to the party, did she show the least disposition to try to ease the situation. It was left to the Prince to set the party at its ease, which outwardly he did, to Ermyntrude's satisfaction, and Steel's silent annoyance.

"Well, Bob, how are the crops and things?" inquired Ermyntrude kindly. "Mr. Steel," she added, turning to the Prince, "farms his own land, you know."

"I'm a farmer," stated Steel, somewhat pugnaciously disclaiming the implied suggestion that he toiled for his pleasure.

"Ah, perfectly!" smiled the Prince. "Alas, I find myself wholly ignorant of the art."

"Precious little art about it," said Steel. "Hard work's more like it."

From her stance beyond the group, Vicky spoke thoughtfully. "I think there's something rather frightening about farming."

"Frightening?" repeated Steel.

"Primordial," murmured Vicky. "The struggle against Nature, savagery of the soil."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Steel demanded. "I never heard such rot!"

"But, no, one sees exactly what she means!" the Prince exclaimed.

"I'm afraid I don't," replied Steel. "Struggle against Nature! I assure you, I don't, young lady!"

"Oh yes! Rain. And weeds," sighed Vicky.

"That's right," said Wally, entering unexpectedly into the conversation.

"Getting earth under your nails, too. Oh, it's one long struggle!"

"It's a good life," said Steel.

It was generally felt that the possibilities of farming as a topic of conversation had been exhausted. An uneasy silence fell, then the Prince began to recall to Ermyntrude memories of Antibes.

As Steel had not been there, he was unable to join in. He said that his own country was good enough for him, to which the Prince replied with suave courtesy that it might well be good enough for anyone.

A diversion was created by the sound of footsteps on the flagged terrace outside. The evening was so warm that the long windows had been left open behind the curtains. These parted suddenly and a face looked in.

"Hallo! Anyone at home?" inquired Harold White with ill-timed playfulness.

Only Wally greeted this invasion with any semblance of delight. He got up and invited his friend to come in, and, upon discovering that White was accompanied by his son and daughter, said, "The more the merrier."

Neither White nor his son had changed for dinner, a circumstance which still further prejudiced Ermyntrude against them. Janet White, a somewhat insignificant young woman whose skirts had a way of dipping in the wrong places, first addressed Ermyntrude.

"I do hope you don't mind us dropping in like this, Mrs. Carter?" she said, with an anxious smile.

"Father wanted to see Mr. Carter, you see, so I thought probably you wouldn't mind if Alan and I came, too. But if you do mind—I mean, if you'd rather we didn't—"

Please turn to page 19



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# KRUSTO



# UNCLE ALFRED

By . . .

**FREDERIC F. WATER**

**T**ONGUE lolling, and ears drooping, Uncle Alfred listened to the Sinclair brothers' dispute with close, if uncomprehending, attention. He had approached with stealth, for he had a guilty conscience. Uncle Alfred moved on four pliant paws. His flexible body and sinuous tail were covered with close reddish hair, and saddlebag ears dangled almost to his crooked knees. As he looked from Lewis to Stephen he seemed and sagging face bore the expression of bewilderment an elderly uncle might have worn in the company of quarrelling 16 and 17-year-olds.

"Beast!" said Lewis. "Same to you," Stephen replied. He was as tall as his elder brother, and as fair as the older boy was dark.

Something, Uncle Alfred felt, was about to happen, and he sat down the more comfortably to witness it. He was expectant but confused. He could not understand the changing moods of extremely youthful love. Lewis scowled.

"I ought to punch you on the nose," he declared.

"You and who else?" Stephen retorted, according to custom, but with a shade of uneasiness.

"I was going," Lewis began in angry bass that scaled up suddenly into an alarming soprano. "To ask Molly to go with me to the dance to-night, just as soon as she got home. You knew it and you got in ahead of me. Sneaking in ahead to snatch your brother's girl. That's the sort of bloke you are."

Stephen found danger in the charge and hesitated carefully watching the irate figure in blue jacket and light grey sports trou-

gers. A discovery drove diplomatic considerations from his mind.

"Snatch your girl," he snarled. "You snatched my pants."

"I wouldn't be found dead in—!"

"You've got them on now." His agitation half-strangled Stephen.

"Like fun! I know my own pants."

"You don't even know that much. There's the spot of chocolate I smeared on them last night. They're my pants."

Anxiety and outrage warred on Stephen's face. The elegant sports trousers were something higher than mere clothes. They were a proclamation of manhood, a symbol of sophistication, a certificate of social achievement.

"Girl snatcher!" Lewis snarled to cover his confusion.

"Pants thief!" Stephen wheezed.

"I'll show you!" Lewis grappled with his brother.

"Oh yeah!" Stephen gasped and wrestled.

Locked in a tight embrace, they twisted and tugged, kicking up dust, uttering small moans of fury, yet holding each other so tightly that they achieved little beyond mutual dishevelment.

The scuffle was not really exciting, but Uncle Alfred rose, looking slightly more cheerful. One fragment of his intensive education had stayed firmly in his mind. He advanced briskly, chose his target with care, and bit Lewis.

There was neither viciousness nor

enthusiasm in the assault. Uncle Alfred clearly was performing what he considered his duty. As he retired he looked about hopefully for approval. The hurt he had dealt Lewis was little more than a shrewd pinch, but the damage to the seat of the trousers was widespread.

Lewis released his hold upon his brother, and by the sound he uttered shocked Stephen into letting go, too.

"Smatter?"

Uncle Alfred, with a pious look upon his countenance, blinked as Lewis indicated him with one shaking, unoccupied hand.

"Smatter!" he screeched. "He bit me, that's what's the matter. That hound—!" His indignation was too great to continue.

"Bit you?" Stephen echoed. "That's Molly's new dog. He wouldn't hurt a flea."

"Oh, he wouldn't, eh?" Lewis released his hold upon himself an instant. At the brief glimpse he had of the rear of the trousers, Stephen gasped.

"Look," he began slowly as reason returned, "you said those were your—"

He stopped, and, like Lewis, stared down the street. Uncle Alfred ambled towards the newcomer with wide lashings of his tail. To him Molly Henderson was the least demanding and most indulgent of his several successive owners. To Lewis and Stephen she was a wonderful vision.

She was slim, with long thick hair and a face emerging rather irregularly from its childish contours.

"Hello!" the girl said, and squatted down with her arms about the dog. "He followed you, Steve. He chewed the rope he was tied up with, didn't you, precious?"

The way she beamed upon the unappreciative beast filled the spectators' minds with envy.

"That's a great dog," Stephen said blatantly. Lewis, with his hands behind him, kept carefully facing Molly Henderson. Instinct told her something was wrong, but even feminine intuition could not make her aware of the site and scope of the injury. She poured balm at random.

"Lew, you do look nice!"

Lewis discarded a number of things his damaged spirit urged him to mention. Instead, he blurted out with a mixture of sorrow and anger: "Is that your dog?"

Tension in the atmosphere deepened.

"He is now," Molly replied sweetly. "He's a present from my friend Madge, who lives in the country. He's had a tragic history, haven't you, sweetness?"

Uncle Alfred panted. "Madge and her brother, Tony, owned him, and tried to teach him to be a watchdog," Molly went on explaining. "He's a bloodhound—sort of, anyway—and he was a nuisance all the while chasing cows. So Madge's mother said they couldn't possibly keep him because of the cow-chasing, and because the real



Lewis faced Molly carefully, with his hands behind him. "Is that your dog?" he asked.

Uncle Alfred Tony had called him after was coming to stay with them, and Madge says it was staggering how alike they were."

She lavished another smile and concluded a little breathlessly: "So they gave him to me, and he's a sweet old thing, I don't care what mother says, aren't you, mother's lamb?"

There was yearning on Stephen's face as she patted the high-peaked skull. There were envy and anxiety on Lewis'. Molly asked: "Are you going to the dance to-night, Lew?"

"I don't know," he answered huskily, and, lest he appear a discarded suitor: "Are you?"

"With Steve." She said it without mercy or compunction, and smiled upon him. "Be seeing you."

The brothers watched her out of sight with Uncle Alfred wobbling along beside her. Stephen then asked bleakly: "Whose pants you going to the dance in?"

"Is it my fault if an old dog tore your pants?" retorted Lewis.

"My pants! They're yours. You said so."

"They're yours, Steve," his brother replied with a nasty meekness. "My mistake." His fingers measured the vast dimensions of the torn area while he talked fast and with hollow cheer. "Anybody can fix a little tear like that."

It was clear that his assurance had not impressed Stephen, who strode homeward rapidly, with ominous mutterings. His brother followed a precautionary step in the rear, and he, too, was steaming with grievance. For such foul injury he felt that any reprisal whatever was justified.

Wherefore he opposed as a gross injustice the judgment rendered by Mrs. Sinclair when she had endured with calm fortitude her sons' charges and countercharges. She granted to Stephen the unoccupied sports trousers and forced upon her elder son the wreckage he now wore.

Please turn to page 26

## Smart Girls

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"You're not sleeping well? . . .



. . . take my advice . . . try a  
*cup of Bourn-vita before bed"*



Lack of proper sleep is a common enough complaint. Many people who are tired and run down by the end of the day simply do not give themselves a chance to get a proper rest—they worry about things—they toss and turn half the night and eventually go off to sleep in a kind of drugged unconsciousness. That's why a going-to-bed cup of Bourn-vita is so important. It gives the body something to "go to sleep on", and helps you to go to sleep quickly.

**That first hour of sleep is all-important**

Medical Science has established that the normal person uses more energy during the first hour of sleep than during a normal waking hour. If that catchy tune over the radio persists in running through your brain when you go to bed, or you keep playing and replaying that last hand of cards—try a cup of Bourn-vita.

Bourn-vita supplies you with the energy you need during that first hour's sleep. Rich in diastase (that natural malt digestive of starchy foods) it will not tax the most delicate digestion. Bourn-vita does much to induce a deep, sound

sleep the moment your head touches the pillow. It's not the *length* of sleep,

but the *kind* of sleep that matters

Sleep must give mental relaxation as well as a physical pause. A sound natural sleep is far better than long hours of fitful restlessness. Your Bourn-vita nightcap helps promote this sound, natural sleep which restores nerve vitality and relaxes and restores every muscle. Bourn-vita is a highly nutritious food-drink, made from Barley Malt, Full Cream Milk, Eggs and Chocolate—foods rich in phosphorous, calcium and the vitamins A, B, and D, which help restore alertness and vigour to the system so that you awake feeling on top of the world.

**Doctors and nurses recommend Bourn-vita!**

Basing their recommendations on Bourn-vita's declared contents and experience of their patients, an increasing number of Doctors and Nurses are advising its use in cases where mineral and vitamin deficiency may exist and where a soothing night-cap with high protective and digestive qualities may prove valuable. This is especially helpful for nursing mothers where the strain on the system is greater—the best tonic

for a tired mother—and her baby—is a good night's sleep; that's where Bourn-vita comes into its own, it helps promote a deep, restful sleep and what is more important, Bourn-vita is prepared by a special low-temperature process which retains vitamins and other essential food elements so necessary for the well being of mother and baby.

**A good night's rest—a flying start in the morning**

Try Bourn-vita! Get into the custom of having a cup of Bourn-vita before bed. It's quick and easy to make—just stir two teaspoonfuls of crisp Bourn-vita into a cup of milk—you're all set for a good night's sleep—and you'll awake feeling fitter, better and brighter. Get a tin of Bourn-vita today. Start on the road to health the Bourn-vita night-cap way!

*Cadbury's*  
**BOURN-VITA**

*Every night before bed.*

VBFP7



# MORE PARIS FASHION PARADES THIS SPRING



MARY HORDERN, our fashion adviser, with Christian Dior, the newest designer in Paris. Opening of his house was one of the outstanding events of the Paris season.

## Our expert choosing mannequins and models from great salons

Here's good news for the fashion-conscious. There are to be more Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades this year.

So spectacular was the success of the parades held last year in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane that we have decided to sponsor further displays in the coming spring.

First of the parades will be held in Sydney in August. Later they will be presented in Melbourne at the Myer Emporium and also in other capital cities.

OUR fashion adviser, Mrs. Mary Hordern, flew to Paris recently, and is now studying latest trends at all the great fashion houses.

With the co-operation of the great designers of the Parisian Haute Couture, Mrs. Hordern will make a selection of models best suited to Australian conditions and climate.

The widespread influence of last year's parades was very noticeable.

In addition to the replicas of models made by the leading Australian fashion houses which presented the parades, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly, most of the styles showing were quickly copied by clever dress-makers and milliners.

The result was that the latest ideas from Paris were adapted and featured all over Australia in smart, inexpensive frocks for all occasions, and also in hats and accessories.

Interviewed at London's Heath Row airport, after travelling by Lancastrian airliner from Sydney, Mrs. Hordern discussed her plans.

"I intend to note the changes that will have taken place in hairdos, shoes, and hat styles, as well as in frocks and gowns," she said.

"I feel that another exhibition of the new season's fashions, having the same wide range as that staged by The Australian Women's Weekly last September, will follow up the good work and will give Australian women the opportunity of being as well dressed as any in the world.

"It will take almost three months for me to view all the Paris collections. I shall select about 100 frocks and 70 hats to fly to Australia.

### Great designers

"I REGARD my visits to the Paris fashion houses as an exciting voyage of discovery.

"This year there will be the new salon opened by Christian Dior, whose creations should be of especial interest. I expect to include some of his models.

"Molyneux, with his classical universally popular clothes, is certain to be represented. It is a tribute to his excellent taste that, on the advice of the Duchess of Kent, for whom he designs many gowns, he now designs some of Princess Elizabeth's clothes.

"Molyneux, like Worth, Lanvin, and Paquin, belongs to the group of Haute Couture designers whose fame has existed for so long that their prestige is unassailable.

"We must have in our collection



ON ARRIVAL at The Gare Du Nord, Paris, by the Golden Arrow, Mary Hordern was met by Princess Philippe de Broglie, formerly Betty Lamb, of Sydney.

designs by Balenciaga, whose lavish encrustations and exquisite embroidery have a new fascination and influence on fashion each year.

"Others whose gowns will be seen by thousands of Australian women are Schiaparelli, Germaine Lecomte, Jeanne Lafourie, Jacques Patu, and Pierre Balmain, all names rapidly becoming well known not only in Australian fashion centres, but all over the country.

"From their experience of our last exhibition the designers now have an excellent understanding of the light, gay colors Australian women prefer to wear.

"This year the styles I choose will provide a blend of suitability to Australia's climate with an accurate representation of all that is newest and best from Paris.

"I shall select four leading Parisian mannequins to fly to Australia with the collection.

These mannequins will interpret the new style as the designers themselves visualise their clothes being worn," she said.

"And, in addition, we want to give an opportunity to two of our own Australian girls to take part in the

parades, wearing the clothes with their own natural, carefree grace.

"This time I expect to be swamped with candidates among the Parisian mannequins for the air trip to Australia.

"There was no lack last year of girls anxious to take part in the exhibition. But those who were shy of a long trip and thought of it as a big step have now overcome their diffidence.

"The mannequins who made the first trip took home such wonderful tales of Australian friendliness and hospitality that enthusiastic descriptions have been circulating the Paris salons ever since.

"One of those girls, Nicole de Quercy, liked Australia so much that she is still there.

"When the other three girls, Carole Jacquet, Monique Stewart, and Paquerette Naudi, arrived back in Paris their wonderful suntan was the envy of all.

"With the light-hearted gaiety that was so typical of them, they told of their days on the beaches, visits to night-clubs, invitations to dances.

"In fact, the girls who set out from

Paris as ambassadors for France came back as ambassadors for the sunny country that had given them such a wonderful time after their bitter war years."

### PARADE POINTS

MORE than 31,000 people saw the French Mannequin Parades sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly in Australia during September-October, 1946.

The parades, held in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane, raised £12,000 for charity.

It was the first time that an entire French fashion show—a director, four mannequins, a male technician, clothes, hats, and accessories—had been brought to Australia.

The parades, which were held in leading department stores twice daily for two weeks, created keen public interest, every showing being booked out for days ahead.



## BETWEEN THE MILESTONES

THE second peacetime Anzac Day will be celebrated this week.

For thousands of men it will be a happy day of reunion and shared memories, an exchange of success stories in a new civilian life.

But for many others it will be only another day of bewilderment, disappointment, and bitterness.

Many still fight a battle with pain, illness, or baffling war neurosis.

Others still search for a home to live in, for a job that promises them satisfaction and advancement.

All of them—the ones with the success stories and the ones for whom “rehabilitation” is still a meaningless word—we will remember with gratitude and pride this Anzac Day.

But the day itself is just another milestone. It is the distance between the milestones that matters to the men who must cover that distance.

Already there are signs that we are forgetting the fine resolutions we made in the frightening war years.

Sympathy and patience with an ex-Serviceman who has not yet found his civilian feet; the extra effort to help a man find the job that suits him best; the small personal sacrifice to contribute to the funds of organisations working for war veterans and their dependents; even ordinary courtesies to disabled men in trams and buses—all these seem to be lost a little in the peacetime hustle.

To many people the problem of the ex-Serviceman is just another one to “leave to the Government.”

The Government's rehabilitation schemes are practical and comprehensive. But, even when he receives the fullest aid he is entitled to under these schemes, the ex-Serviceman still needs personal help and sympathy from his friends, his employer, and his workmates.

A grateful nation will remember on Anzac Day; let us remember all the year round.



“EVERY AUSTRALIAN is actually the owner of 15 sheep,” said Dr. Edgar Booth, chairman of the International Wool Secretariat, in a broadcast. Spred pictures the result if flat-dwellers took Dr. Booth up on that.

## It seems to me...

A BILL which the Attorney-General of New South Wales, Mr. Martin, has prepared will, among other provisions, make married women responsible for their own slanders.

The bill, Mr. Martin states, will give women greater independence; give wives the right to regard their housekeeping savings as their own property.

He found that as the law stands at present a husband can be liable for damages for any slanders or libels by his wife.

That will be remedied under the bill.

Theoretically, husbands may now relax while the wives call out unpleasant names over the back fence, or tear their girl friends to shreds. The wife foots the bill, if any. With what? Presumably with money saved from the housekeeping allowance.

THIS bill is a logical step toward consolidating woman's place as an equal. If we want equality we must accept its responsibilities as well as its advantages.

But, personally, I view this progress with a certain wistfulness.

Many years ago I was much impressed by an article in the American “Forum”. It stated, as well as I can remember: “Women have exchanged leisure for equality. Obviously the most stupid move ever made by a civilised class.”

Feminists remind me firmly that only a few women of the middle and upper classes ever had any leisure to exchange for equality.

But I have always held that we women of this century have enjoyed the best deal women are ever likely to get.

We have it both ways.

We can earn our livings in a good range of fields, go practically anywhere unescorted; but we can still, if lucky enough to find a rich husband, live a life of leisure without being labelled—loudly at any rate—parasites.

And we still get saved first in shipwrecks and fires.

Now the writing is on the wall, as any woman who travels in crowded trams knows.

THE right to keep savings from the housekeeping allowances or property bought with those savings will be a useful legal protection for women.

But if a husband and wife have reached the wrangling stage, the problem won't be easy to settle.

What and how much is housekeeping money, anyway? Husbands differ on that point. In a really happy home there's no argument.

It's impossible to lay down hard and fast legal rules for the financial arrangements between husband and wife.

That's why I can never see that old battle-cry, “Wages for Wives,” achieving anything.

How would you assess the wage? As a proportion of a man's income? Unfair for a start, since the lower the income of the husband, the harder the wife may have to work.

And would you add “danger money” for the wife whose husband often came home drunk?

BY



Dorothy Drain

ACCORDING to an Adelaide report, the Anglican Bishop of Willochra (Dr. Richard Thomas) said all divorce laws should be rescinded to prevent divorce.

His chief reason was that divorce caused hardship to so many children.

“It would be better for married people to endure their trials than cause others misery,” he said.

That's all very well if the disagreeing husband and wife are such remarkable creatures that they can conceal their dislike of each other.

Divorce undoubtedly does bring unhappiness to many children.

But I doubt they are more unhappy than children living in the centre of a continual pitched battle.

BEFORE we leave this hardy perennial of matrimonial difficulties—an Englishman was fined recently for chasing his wife and daughter through the streets at midnight.

The man said his wife was a constant nagger, but the magistrate answered: “Ninety out of a hundred men have troublesome wives.”

Now, now, girls, control yourselves, please!

MORE Yanks: Next month 14 U.S. Navy ships with 7000 men will visit Sydney and Melbourne.

Dr. Evatt commented (in part): “The visit will give Australian servicemen the opportunity of renewing the close comradeship established during the critical days of the struggle against Japan.”

I have some friends whose flat overlooks Woolloomooloo wharves. From their balcony, when the last lot of Americans were here, I saw plenty of close comradeship being renewed—but not with Australian servicemen.

A U.S. expedition, sponsored by universities and industrial firms, hopes to find in South Africa proof of human-like existence a million years ago.

Each to his taste: ‘twould please some folk to know

That man had lived a million years ago.

I'd rather someone learned for certain how

He can survive in fifty years from now.

MR. E. C. FIELDS, who was valet to Brigadier Schreiber, chief-of-staff to Duke of Gloucester, now owns a cake shop in Sydney.

Fresh fields and pastries new?

THERE is a big firm somewhere in Australia which has on its staff three former brigadiers, numerous former senior officers, and a covey of ex-captains.

Mad with the Army initials, they refer to one executive as “P.A. to the M.D.” (personal assistant to the managing director). As you may not know if you're an innocent civilian, Commanders-in-Chief usually have a P.A.

The firm also has a C.O.S. and an A.C.O.S. (chief-of-staff and an assistant chief-of-staff).

I believe that the O.R.s get frightfully browned off about all this. But there's no truth in the rumor that they have to parade at 0600 hours to salute the brass hats.

## Interesting People



MRS. ZELMA ROBERTS

... zest for detail

ZEST for accurate detail sent New Zealander Zelma Roberts to pitch and toss outside Sydney Heads with Royal Australian Navy before writing her novel “Another Dawn,” now being made into a film by Embassy Pictures, with R.A.N.'s full co-operation. A war widow, she turned to writing as career. Is M.A. of Victoria University College, Wellington, N.Z. In collaboration with an American, she wrote thriller now being published called “The Corpse Wore Wax.”



MR. JOHN DUDLEY

... they liked “Waltzing Matilda”

CREATING a record, John Dudley, Australian tenor, made 250 appearances in four years at the Metropolitan Opera, New York. Home after 12 years away, he says: “The most popular song during my concert tours of America and Canada was ‘Waltzing Matilda.’ War has widened appeal of opera. Many who first had taste of it in Forces are now confirmed opera-lovers.” John sang at Covent Garden, and during war devoted himself to troop entertainment in England.



EX-QUEEN ENA OF SPAIN

... wants to be quiet

QUIETNESS is all that ex-Queen Ena of Spain wants for the rest of her life. Now 60 years old, this granddaughter of Queen Victoria has gone to Switzerland to live. Her sad experiences include five attempts to assassinate her husband. Her son Don Juan is pretender to the Spanish throne, but she spiritedly condemned as a fake Chief of State Franco's proposal for the restoration of the monarchy after his death.



# THE WAR ISN'T OVER FOR MEN LIKE THESE

## They still fight a long battle—in hospital wards

By staff reporter  
AINSLIE BAKER

Thousands of men will assemble this week to join in Anzac marches, civilians now reunited with their families, back in their homes and their peacetime jobs. But for many the war is not over yet. In hospitals and convalescent homes men are still fighting on.

Each man is a one-man army, fighting a private battle against an enemy who doesn't wear field-grey or a steel helmet; whose face isn't yellow or brown or white, who doesn't fight with mortars or any other accepted instruments of warfare.

**T**HE enemy is pain, monotony, and despair—a low and cunning enemy. No trick is too dirty for it. It strikes in the night; any time when the fighter least expects it.

No Military Crosses or D.S.C.s are awarded in this war; but all the sweet things of life are waiting for those who win it.

Bill Morris, of the 22nd Works Company, which was up at Lae handling supplies, can tell you all about it.

Bill's been in 113th (Concord) Military Hospital (N.S.W.) for over two and a half years paralysed from the waist down.

"You wouldn't think to look at me that I'd been in hospital all that time, would you?" he asks.

His face is not pallid. Somehow he's retained the appearance of any 27-year-old man who grew up at Maitland, wasn't much good at essays at school, liked to get out and fish on Lake Macquarie, was keen on cricket and football without ever being good enough to get into a grade team.

"I'm having a good day," he explained.

When he isn't having a good day he gets a bit temperamental, misses meals, and generally puts on an act.

Bill had an operation with a skin graft not long ago; he has a draining-tube in him, too.

### Old campaigner

**T**HE Army gave Bill plenty of training, but not the sort that helps in the fight he's trying to win now. Older men with a working philosophy, worldly experience, and motive covering find it easier. Bill's a bit short on all those.

But he's coming through like an old campaigner, even adopted some of the old campaigner's tricks.

He's made himself pretty comfy in an uncomfy sort of way, with his personal belongings stowed in what look like about 50 tins, named and labelled, in the drawers of his bedside table.

"I wasn't a star at anything," he said. "Once my sister tried to teach me the piano, but she gave it away after the first lesson. We were pretty good up at Lae, though; we worked bestie specialists and did specialists' work."

The outfit used to call themselves "Curtin's Coolies."

Before the war Bill was a cordial maker by trade, a bit of a he-man who could lift the crates with the best one and didn't worry too much about anything so long as he got out into the open and didn't have to do office work.

In 1943 he married a girl at Burwood. A picture of the bridal pair hangs above his bed. She's a statuette, good-looking brunette in a lovely bridal gown. Bill's in uniform.

If anyone lets him get away with it, he'll say he was a mug to let her marry him, that he's no good to anyone. That he's fed up.

The next minute he's full of fight. Bill's a bit aggressive and fiery by nature. He's got a sense of humor, too, and doesn't mind turning it on an unsuspecting reporter. But he can take it when it's given back to him.

Bill's had three outings from Concord.

"They got me a car and we went up to Katoomba the last time," he said. "It was great, something new to look at, and the open air."

Before the operation he used to get out in the sun in a wheelchair and go to hospital picture-shows in the chair or on a stretcher.

"You can give me just about anything but propaganda," he sums up his taste in films.

"I go a bit for the comic strips," Bill told me. "Especially Nancy. A while ago I used to listen to the wrestling, but I got sick of it."

"The trouble with me is I get sick of everything. Hospital makes you lazy."

"A man has a go at anything to break the monotony," he said. "Before the op. I used to spend quite a bit of time doing pottery. But you've got to have a bit of the artist in you. I got tired of it after a while and gave it away."

"I have a go at the leatherwork when I feel like it, and do a bit of reading when I can get a good action story."

Since he's been in hospital he's given a lot of things away, among them good-time friends.

"They're all right when you have the money," he said, the brown eyes that show his feelings reflecting hurt and bewilderment, though he put on a tough Digger's face.

"What I want to do is get out of here," Bill said. "They're teaching me watch-making, and that ought to be all right, as I've always been a bit mechanically inclined."

"We've got a block of land at Lidcombe, but you can't tell what's going to happen yet."

The official view is that first thing is to get Bill on crutches; he's got to get better from the skin graft and the operation first, and he's doing about four hours a week on the watch-making to begin with. That's the set-up at the moment.

Keep your fingers crossed, Bill.

In Ward 339 I talked to William Shipley, 36th Battalion (Carmichael's

1000), in France with the 3rd Division in the first World War.

He's seen a lot of hospital since then, first in an English Hospital in Kent, then the Prince of Wales Hospital, and now Concord.

In between times William's been at home at Gosford.

He's been a pretty sick man just lately, had 51,000 units of penicillin, but there's plenty of fight left in him.

"When things were bad my wife stayed down for five weeks," he told me. "Now she comes to see me every Friday, with cakes and jellied chicken. She's a great cook."



WILLIAM SHIPLEY



RON YUILL

wards the end of the week I came to study up form; my brother-in-law, takes the money out to the course and I listen with the headphones on.

"Like everyone else I have my ups and downs, but on the whole do quite all right."

"I play draughts and cribbage, and, with winter coming on, I'll be following League football matches."

This old soldier's great love is reading. "Dickens is my favorite author," Shipley told me.

"I've got nearly a complete set of his works. 'The Old Curiosity Shop' is my favorite; that's a great work. But I like a mystery, too."

"For a man who can't get about reading's the way to expand your knowledge. Why, even if you read everything you can on one subject, then you've only touched the fringe of it."

William Shipley has left bitterness and rancor far behind.

In Ward 130 there's a red-head, "Blue" Manning, 2nd/13th Infantry Battalion. Blue's been there nearly 18 months.

### When you're down

**I** CAME to hear of Blue through talking to Ron Yuill, who's been there about the same time.

Ron's a certainty to get better. He was hurt at Bougainville, where the 6th Mechanical Equipment Company was attached to the 3rd Division. It's just a matter of another 18 months, two years; Ron doesn't know how long.

"It's mates like Blue that make you pull through," Ron said. "He doesn't only do himself good; he does good to everyone else in the ward. Especially when you're a bit down."

"Mates like Blue and the wives and mothers who stick to you are the ones who give you the inspiration," Ron said. "My wife's the best stickler in the world."

"I've got everything to fight for—and I know it. A brick home we built at Eastwood at the beginning of the war, a job to go back to, a wife, and a kiddie."

Ron's a carpenter by trade, is 31 years old, and was in the Army five years.

"I'm able to be taken home one day a week now," he told me. "It's only from bed to bed, but it's a start."

"I'm just waiting for the day when I can start fixing things about the house; they nearly drive me mad every time I see them."

"Different members of the family have been coming in and doing the garden, but there are a dozen things that need fixing in the carpentry line."

"I'll tackle the back verandah first."

Ron's still fighting his own private war, but the enemy's in retreat.



BILL MORRIS



# Check Flight

Continued from page 4

JERRY completed his orientation procedure and corrected course. Colin nodded with satisfaction and said, "Go back in the cabin and stay there until I flash the light for you to return. I'll take over."

Jerry walked back into the cabin, sat on a crate, and lit a cigarette. He felt like a schoolboy just learning how to fly, with teacher at the wheel. He could also feel the plane changing course, not once, but many times. Murdoch wanted to confuse him. When the warning light flashed, Jerry hadn't the foggiest idea where they were.

Colin watched him work out the problem. When Jerry had finished, he nodded and said primly, "Very good. You assumed you were on the wrong leg, though."

"Well, you have to assume one or the other."

"But if you had checked our flying time you would have picked the correct course sooner."

Jerry thought, "I did a good job of it and you know it." Aloud, he said, "Why are you so curious about my orientation procedures?"

"Weren't you told that I was checking you for the possibility of being my co-pilot?"

Jerry swore under his breath and turned away. He was beginning to feel a little sick. He wanted a passenger run, but not badly enough to fly with Murdoch. He would say so straight out to Varley. No use beating about the bush over it.

Colin blinked out at the rain, and a worried crease appeared between his thin eyebrows. Sue would be waiting for him when they got in. Her words came back to him: "I'll be there. And I want you to take me into town and buy me that coat, and take me to dinner and a show and pin flowers on my shoulder—even if you have to pretend you're enjoying yourself." She had kissed him good-bye, then, and her eyes had softened for a moment, but he had sensed that she was still angry and very determined.

This was the first real crisis in their domestic life, and Colin still could not understand what had brought it about.

They were nearing their destination when Colin received the information that visibility was about a mile, but the ceiling was under 200 feet. Soon after that Jerry let down for an instrument approach. He let the flaps down, then hit the switch to run the wheels down. The plane yawned slightly to starboard and the two men glanced at the position indicators on the instrument panel. The right wheel was down, but not the left.

Jerry eased the throttles open a little bit more, and passed over the airport. He swung out over the adjoining bay while Colin frantically worked the manual retracting gear. The left wheel would not go down, and the right wheel would not come back up.

Colin took the bill of manifest out of his brief-case and read it through again. One item down at the bottom was marked: FUSE CAPS—9000b. SPECIAL HANDLING. RUSH. He folded the bill of manifest and put it back in his brief-case. Then his eyes swung to Jerry's.

Jerry cleared his throat and said huskily, "I just thought of that, too. If those dynamite caps let go we'll be blown to bits." He paused, then asked, "Ever landed on one wheel, Captain?"

Colin nodded. "Twice. One just damaged the wingtip. The other was bad. The good tyre blew and the plane turned over."

"Then it's about fifty-fifty."

Colin shook his head. "Not with 9000b of fuse caps aboard. It has to be perfect. I'm going back to have a look. Just keep circling over the bay."

Colin was gone only a while. When he came back, he took off his coat and put on a leather jacket from his

overnight kit, moving with a brisk decisiveness that brought a slight frown to the co-pilot's forehead.

"What is it, sir?" Jerry asked.

"Well," Colin answered, "I happen to know, in detail, how the landing gear is constructed. Just above the wheel, on the strut itself, is a large elbow that transmits the landing shock to the absorbers. When we hit that ditch it bent that elbow."

Jerry noticed that Colin did not say, "When you hit that ditch." He asked, "You're sure it's a bent elbow?"

"Yes. Nothing wrong with the retracting mechanism. But that bent elbow is caught and hanging up the wheel inside the nacelle. A few blows with a hammer should loosen it and allow the wheel to go down."

Jerry glanced out of the window and back at the metal wing. "What are we supposed to do—sit on a cloud while a mechanic repairs it?"

Colin turned away without answering. He rummaged through the kit in the tool compartment and took out pliers and a mechanic's hammer. He stuck them into his belt and tied them.

Jerry understood then, and all the color drained from his face. "You can't do that, sir," he shouted. "Why won't you be able to wear a chute while you do the job?"

Colin shrugged.

"But, sir, that's crazy. You'll kill yourself. Use your sense, man. Let's take a chance on one wheel."

Colin shook his head. "No, I'm willing to gamble on my own life, but I never gamble on another person's."

"Look—you're not talking to a passenger."

"All the same, I won't take the chance."

"And suppose you don't make it?"

Colin smiled thinly. "In that case, land in the bay close to the field and pray that crate of caps does not break loose. In the meantime, take us up to four thousand. I want you to make nice, gentle, easy banks."

"Yes, sir. But I still say—"

Colin left him and went aft to the cabin. At the fourth window back on the port side was an emergency hatch.

He broke the glass and pulled the emergency release handle. The whole window frame fell into the interior of the cabin, leaving an opening about two feet square.

He lowered himself out of the window and felt his feet hit the smooth surface of the wing. When he was right out and hanging by his hands, his feet were dangling over the trailing edge. Gently, very cautiously, he took his left hand from the opening and hung by his right hand only. He released the hammer from his belt and smashed at the thin sheet metal of the wing.

When he had a hole large enough to put an arm through, he felt inside the wing until his fingers closed on a heavy stringer. Then he let go with his right hand and lay face down on the wing.

The wind tore at him and the rain slashed across his face, but again he took the hammer from his belt and smashed another hole in the wing surface above the first one and pulled himself farther up the wing, sliding on his stomach. He punched holes up and across the wing and inched his way to the round curve of the engine nacelle. There he rested a moment.

Jerry, glancing out the side window and back to the wing, saw him there, soaked to the skin. Then he suddenly remembered Colin's three children, and bit his lip hard.

I should be out there, he thought. I should be the man on that wing, not him. But it never entered his mind and I never thought of it. He isn't like that.

Jerry's muscles tensed. His flying now would have to be perfect. Colin glanced toward the cabin and saw the side and back of Jerry's head. The co-pilot was doing a good, smooth job of flying under difficult conditions. Colin nodded with satisfaction, then smashed the hammer into the curved rear portion of the engine nacelle. When the hole was big enough, he ripped the thin metal apart with the pliers and exposed the oil tanks and some of the engine auxiliaries below. He enlarged the opening and squirmed his head and shoulders into the cramped space. He thrust an arm as far down as he could reach and touched the smooth rubber of the tyre.

His fingers explored along the strut until they came to the heavy metal elbow. He smiled. The elbow was bent out of line and was hung up on the small torque tube of the retracting mechanism. Colin slid the hammer down and tapped at the elbow. There was no room to swing it for a good blow, and the tapping had no effect. Then he turned the hammer about and rapped at the torque tube. The elbow was released, and the wheel went down with a bang that jarred the whole ship.

Soon after that, Colin came back into the cockpit and dropped down into the co-pilot's seat. "Stay where you are," he said to Jerry.

## Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1000, G.P.O., Sydney.

## LATER

Willis changed her mind. When Ned and Aunt Ada had gone, and Jean went out to the front gate to say good-bye to Fred, she felt that this time might be as good as any for bringing up the subject of the house, and she laid her plans before her husband.

But Aunt Ada was right. "There's no hurry," Jim said gruffly. "Jean's young—they're not even officially engaged. She'd have to keep her job for a while. Let him wait for her till he's got a job and a home to offer her."

Mrs. Willis never went to see the Anzac march now. She could not bear the sight of Jim and his mates, a little greyer, a little less steady in their marching with every year.

Nor did she like the sense of intrusion she felt, the sense of being a female on the fringe of this tremendous male companionship.

She was impatient with the women who went, especially since the year young Jim was killed.

"We never cry at the right time," she had said to Aunt Ada the last time she went to the march. "We should cry when they're sent away, instead of being proud and brave as the newspapers call us—cry so hard that the men couldn't stand the sight of us and would stop having their wars."

To which Aunt Ada replied: "What balderdash you talk, Nellie Willis! Such silliness—as if mere female tears could stop a war!" With which she gathered her to her bosom and let her have the good cry she would not have at the march.

So Nellie Willis stayed at home on Anzac Day and curbed her "silliness" by being terribly busy.

Jim always gave his boots an extra polish, and spent a lot of time phin-

"I—I don't think I could land it, anyway."

Jerry brought the plane down in the smoothest landing he had ever made in his life. When it rolled to a stop in front of the administration building he sat back and shakily ran a hand across his face.

Colin reached over to shake the younger man's hand.

"That," he said, "was the sweetest bit of flying I have ever witnessed. If you think you can put up with an old fogey, I'd be proud to have you as my co-pilot."

Jerry wet his dried lips, and then beamed at him.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "I—I'll be tickled stiff to ride with you."

They went back together through the cabin, opened the door, and dropped to the ground. Mechanics and ground personnel had already gathered about the port wing and were staring at the jagged holes. Then they saw the blood on Colin's hands and his torn jacket, and their eyes opened wider.

Sue Murdoch was also with the crowd, looking from the wing to Colin's hands and jacket and oiled-smear face. The blood drained from her face.

"Dadling, are you all right?" she cried. "What happened to you?"

"I'm okay," he said, with a reassuring grin. "Just a little messed up, that's all."

As they walked off the field he explained in a few matter-of-fact sentences the mishap on the take-off and the repair job he had done.

When the recital was finished and he came to a halt, he soberly appraised his wife. He drank in the beauty of her coal-black hair and smooth skin and wide grey eyes. Then he took her arm and walked her into the administration building.

"As soon as I get patched up," he declared, "we're going into town to make a night of it. Okay?"

## On Anzac Day

Continued from page 3

ning his campaign medals very carefully and straight on his left breast.

As she watched his thickening figure bend over his boot polishing she was seeing him in their courtship days, two years before the last war—slim and young, his eyes clear and bright in his unlined face.

But she suspected he was not thinking back quite as far as that, no farther back than 1914, when he made his first attempt at polishing his new, clumsy, orange Army boots.

He and Jean left early—Jim to join his old battalion in the march, Jean to see him march, and to see Fred march with the R.A.P.

Mrs. Willis had planned to fill the empty day by "doing out the cupboards."

She did the kitchen shelves and the linen cupboard, and started on the big, dark cupboard in the hall, which was supposed to be for coats, but housed an accumulation of things that were never put in their proper places.

As she pulled out a pile of magazines and a couple of dry cleaning boxes something toppled forward on to her feet.

It was the walking-stick.

"The stubborn old devil," she said aloud to the walking-stick and the empty house.

For a few seconds she looked at the stick and deliberated, then picked it up and put it carefully back in the cupboard.

She was having a cup of tea in the kitchen when she heard Jim walk up the front path and let himself in.

"You're early, Jim," she called out. He came out to the kitchen.

"Tea?" he said. "I'd like a cup."

He sat down opposite her at the table, and she studied him rather worriedly.

"Jim, you look tired," she said. He looked at her guardedly, and smiled sheepishly.

"Nellie, I am a bit tired." He half-turned away and said, so quietly she could barely hear him, "Nell, I had to fall out of the march."

"You're not ill, are you, Jim?" she asked him, quietly, too.

"No, Nell, just tired."

She took a chance. "You should

THE feeling of shock left Sue and the numbness drained from her body. She threw her arms about him. "Oh, darling," she cried, "you might have been killed. You might have slipped from that wing."

"Now, now," he said, patting her shoulder. "I'm on the ground and it's all over. Forget it. If you'll just wait for the doctor to clean me up—"

"No," she said. "I've been a fool, Colin. I've been acting like a silly young bride. I'm ashamed of myself. I know you love me; you don't have to prove it to me. You're the important thing; I don't really care about your giving me things. As for the coat—"

Colin shook her gently.

"You're only half right, Sue. I've been in a rut. Naturally, you know I'm crazy about you, but it isn't going to kill me to tell you so now and then and act as though I meant it. Just the same way, it didn't kill me to tell Jerry what I thought of his flying. Now we'll make a good team. But you and I are an even bigger team. So if you'll just wait a few minutes— By the way, what kind of coat would you like?"

Howard Varley walked into his glass-panelled office and frowned thoughtfully at his secretary.

"I just got two wires, one from Murdoch and one from Evans. Murdoch said that Evans' check flight was eminently satisfactory and requests him as a co-pilot on his passenger run. Jerry Evans' wire also requested permission to fly with Captain Murdoch. As a matter of fact—the thing that puzzles me—he demands that we place him with Murdoch."

"Well, of course. That is what I wanted in the first place. But I don't understand how those two managed to get on so well."

The secretary smiled. "Maybe they just found something in common," she said.

(Copyright)

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM







ADJUSTING her mask in the mirror of her compact, Mrs. Cedric O'Gorman Hughes sits with her husband in the foyer at Romano's, awaiting the arrival of the rest of their party.



MARCEL DEKYVERE won first prize with his mask of a lady's hand, complete with wife Nola's emerald-and-diamond ring and matching bracelet. He is photographed with Mrs. Lennox Bode (centre) and Mrs. Dekyvere.

# Masque BALL

● Frivolous masks and lovely gowns worn at Romano's at Masque Ball in aid of Peter Pan Kindergarten.



ONE of the loveliest gowns at the Masque Ball worn by Mrs. Ernest Turnbull—white marionette and lace appliqued with sequins.



COME OUT from behind that moustache and those sideburns, Dr. Gollan! Keith accompanies his pretty wife Judy to the Masque Ball, which was held at Romano's to raise funds for the Peter Pan Kindergarten. Mrs. James Hayden Smith (right).



DR. FREDDY CHENHALL wears a comic mask, and completely hides his handsome identity. He attended the ball with his wife.



FEATHER MASK worn by Mrs. Roy McCaughey, of Connong, Narrandera, when she attended ball with her husband. Mrs. McCaughey wore attractive classical black velvet gown.



MASK designed by artist London Saint Hill with petrified forest motif worn by Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, who attended with her husband heavily falsely bearded.



MATCHING BUTTERFLY MASQUES worn by Mr. and Mrs. John Vincent Fynn. Mrs. Fynn's lovely frock was of shaded pleated chiffon with yoke of shell design.



*To Holders of . . .*

# WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

bought in 1940 and  
about to mature

★ ★ ★

## *An urgent and important message*

If you own War Savings Certificates which are about to mature, don't cash them—hold on to them and they will continue to pay you better than bank interest.

If you lodged your War Savings Certificates with your bank for safe keeping with instructions to redeem them at maturity, you should immediately cancel that instruction and request your bank to retain your Certificates. In that way they will continue to increase in value—at better than bank rates of interest.

If you lodged your War Savings Certificates with your bank and gave no instruction about redemption at maturity, you need take no action at all. So long as they remain with your bank, they will continue to increase in value each year.

If you are holding your Certificates yourself, you should lodge them for a further five years with your bank or savings bank, which will hold them in safe custody for you completely free of charge.

Savings Certificates are now issued in a new five-year series for face value, in denominations of £1, £5, £10 and £50, which in five years' time will be worth £1/3/-, £5/15/-, £11/10/- and £57/10/- respectively.

These generous interest rates will also apply to War Savings Certificates maturing this year—if you don't cash them. Every pound's worth, for which you paid 16/- seven years ago, will rise further in value to £1/3/- in five years' time by yearly steps.

There is no better place for your savings than in Savings Certificates. So hold on to all you own, and buy as many more as possible of the new five-year series. They are cashable at any time, and the annual increases in value are free from taxation. Regardless of holdings of War Savings Certificates, everyone can own Savings Certificates of £250 face value.

KEEP ON SAVING  
Hold them . . . Buy more



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

IMPORTANT planetary changes affect Taurians, Virgoans, Capricornians, and a few Pisceans this week, bringing unexpected opportunities for progress and gains.

They should work hard to achieve desired goals, but Scorpions, Leonians, and Aquarians are advised to live cautiously and dodge discord.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for this week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Good times continue and happiness and change are likely. Make good use of April 23 (midday and after dusk), 24 (to 2 p.m.), 28 (after noon), and 29.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Plan important changes and contracts now. April 22 (after 10 a.m.), 23, 24 (to 2 p.m.), and 27 (midday) all very good; 28 and 29 poor.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): April 23 (midday and after dusk) fair, 24 (to 2 p.m.) very good; 25 (to 5 p.m.), 26 (to 3 p.m.), and 29 (except 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.) all helpful.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23):



"It's for you."

Slight improvements now, but avoid rashness. April 24 (to 2 p.m.) very good, 26 (2 p.m. to 8 p.m.) fair; 27 and 29 (except 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.) helpful.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Beware indiscretions, as trouble is likely this week. April 23, 23 (early), 27 (late), 28, and 29 all poor.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to Sept. 23): Plan wisely and work hard now. April 22 fair, 23 (10 a.m. to 2 p.m.) good; 23 (late) to 25 (late) poor. April 27 (midday) and 29 good.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Unspectacular days, although April 23 (evening) fair, and 24 (to 2 p.m.) excellent. April 29 (to noon) fair.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Beware indiscretions and partings now, especially on April 22, 23, 27 (late), 28, and 29. Routine tasks advised.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Business affairs are best now, though April 28 (after 10 a.m.) and 29 (except near 4 p.m.) can prove helpful. Rest of week very busy.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Work hard now and seek gains. April 23 (except 8 a.m. to 10 a.m.), 23, 24 (to 2 p.m.), and 29 (except 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.) all very good.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be wary for indiscretions before Feb. 20. Routine work advised, especially on April 22, 23 (to dusk), 24 (after 2 p.m.), and following days.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Live cautiously on April 23, 24, 25, and 26. Some modest improvements likely on April 27, 28 (midday), and 29 (except 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.).

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters. Editor, A.W.W. 1

## Your Coupons

TEA: 9-12 (9-12 expire April 28, when 21-24 become available).

SUGAR: 87-10 (511-12 available April 29).

BUTTER: 12-15 (expire April 28, when 16-18 become available).

MEAT: Black 29-33 (expire April 28, when 34-39 become available); green, 23-26 (expire April 28, when 41 and 42 become available).

CLOTHING: 227-232 (expire June 26, 1947), 1-36 current.



# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, climbed to the top of Glass Mountain in search of **MARSHA DALE** and her guide, who disappeared. At the summit of the mountain is Glass Inn, owned by sinister proprietor **GRATZ:** As Mandrake sleeps during the night,

Gratz tries to murder him. Saved by Lothar, Mandrake uses his hypnotic power on Gratz to make him reveal where Marsha is. Sincerely, Gratz says he will show them. Through a glass wall they see Marsha, held at the mouth of a giant pipe which leads under a glacier. One slip and she will fall, never to be seen again. NOW READ ON:



ONCE DOWN THE DEATH PIPE, SHE'LL GRADUALLY BE CARRIED INTO A GLACIER -- TO BE BURIED IN SLOWLY-MOVING ICE FOR CENTURIES!

YOU WIN, GRATZ. I'M LICKED. TELL BRUK TO TAKE HER OUT OF THERE.

I ALWAYS WIN, MANDRAKE! I'VE USED THAT PIPE BEFORE -- TO DISPOSE OF TROUBLESOME GUESTS! NO ONE CROSSES ME IN GLASS INN. HERE, I AM KING!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS WALL, MANDRAKE WATCHES, HELPLESSLY...



I HAD SOME TROUBLE IN THE WORLD BELOW. I WAS FALSELY ACCUSED OF MURDER. I CAME TO THIS PEAK--AND AFTER INCREDIBLE LABOR--BUILT GLASS INN. IT'S THE TRIUMPH OF MY LIFE!



YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MY SLAVES YET, BUT YOU HAVE SEEN-- WHAT THE--!

MANDRAKE SUDDENLY CATCHES BRUK'S EYE -- HE HYPNOTIZES BRUK THROUGH THE GLASS WALL -- SO THAT THE MAN STANDS RIGIDLY WITH MARSHA -- UNABLE TO MOVE!



AND AT ALMOST THE SAME MOMENT, LOTHAR CRASHES THROUGH THE GLASS WALL...



AS HE DASHES TO MARSHA, GRATZ ATTACKS HIM FURIOUSLY BEFORE MANDRAKE CAN MAKE A MOVE. LOTHAR STAGGERS AGAINST THE GIRL--

FOOLS! NOW SHE DIES--



YOU MADE ME DONE IT!

SHE'S-- GONE--

--AND MARSHA IS GONE-- DOWN THE DEATH PIPE!



NEVER MIND GRATZ, LOTHAR. NO TIME NOW. QUICK, FIND SOME ROPE! I'M GOING DOWN AFTER HER!

YOU--GO DOWN--THERE?

GRATZ, THE EVIL HOST OF GLASS INN, FLEES...

TO BE CONTINUED





**CARRYING BOUQUET** for his daughter, Mr. Tom Hartigan arrives at St. Mary's Cathedral with Joan when she marries Hugh Rathurst.



**FEATHERS ARE FASHION NOTE** in Mrs. W. F. L. Owen's (left) toque which she wears to late afternoon party at Union Club, and chats with Lady Ryrie.



**GOVERNOR-GENERAL**, Mr. W. J. McKell sits out a dance with Mrs. Tom Bateman at the St. Vincent's Ball at the Trocadero. Mr. and Mrs. McKell received the debutantes.

# Society Celebrates



**ARRIVING AT RANDWICK.** Well-known racing enthusiasts Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Watt arrive at Randwick. Mrs. Watt wore an unusual print of duck-egg blue with traces of black.

● Record number of gay parties. Loveliest were Union Club's "at home"; two super dances at Royal Sydney Golf Club; Masque Ball at Romano's; St. Vincent's Ball at Trocadero; and C.W.A. Blue and Gold Ball at Trocadero.

● Feminine punters at Randwick over Autumn Meeting make smart use of varied weather... beautiful pastel summer gowns contrasted with snappy suits starring latest thing in hats with feather trimming as main theme.

● Lots of pretty brides — many of them country lasses — chose festive season for weddings, while their friends were in town and could attend.

*Goyce*



**WED AT ST. PHILIP'S.** Tony Taylor, of Warracoo, Yass, and his bride, formerly Mary Peden Steel, of Cremorne. Attendants the Doug Shannons, Lenore Peden Steel, Joe Weir.



**NEWLYWEDS.** Mr. and Mrs. Denis Davies (left) chat with Mrs. Royce Shannon at late afternoon party at Union Club. Mrs. Davies formerly Mrs. Charlie Crossing before her recent marriage.



**LADIES' DAY AT RANDWICK.** Miss Barbara Knox (left), Mrs. Alastair Stephen, and Mrs. Tom Rutledge, of Glendale, Bungeford, attend meeting together. Warm weather was responsible for summery dressing at Randwick over Autumn Meeting.



**ORANGE INTEREST** when Gregg Weir, of Orange, marries Frances Noble, of Sydney, at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Couple toast each other at reception at Pickwick Club.



**FIRST VISIT** to Union Club for pretty Jennifer Street, who attends late afternoon party after Ladies' Day at Randwick with John Hardy. The party was the first to be held since 1938.



**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Noel Park, of Lawrie, Manilla, and his bride, formerly June Rygate, elder daughter of the Norman Rygates, of Glenrose, Kootingal, via Tamworth, leave St. Stephen's Church after their marriage.



# WORTH Reporting

IF your Scottish blood was stirred by the film "I Know Where I'm Going," you can imagine the excited reaction of one member of the audience who is as familiar with the film's Western Isles setting as she is with Sydney Harbor.

She is Scottish-born Mrs. C. G. Lambie, wife of Sydney University's Professor Lambie, and she was delighted by the authenticity of the film from the castle on the Isle of Mull, the post office, to the way Roger Livesey wore his kilt.

"The Sornie Castle," she said, "is in reality the 1000-year-old Duart Castle, which grand old Maclean chieftain the late Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean restored from ruins about 50 years ago. His grandson, Sir Charles Hector Fitzroy Maclean, 11th baronet of Duart, Morven, and Broilaa is at present in residence there."

"The Isle of Kiloran in the film is in reality Colonsay."

"There is a Kiloran Bay on the island, and there is a wealthy owner, Lord Strathcona, who bought the island from the Macnells in 1904."

"Lord Strathcona has done a great deal of good for the island."

"He encouraged island industries, wiped out the scourge of T.B. by replacing the islanders' crude, one-roomed huts with two-story, white-washed houses."

"As for Roger Livesey, well, for once I've seen an actor wear a kilt like a Scotsman and not like a guest at a fancy dress ball."

**DARKEST AFRICA:** Advertisement in the *Kenns Weekly News*: "The Manjishi Store. Savages and bacon arriving Friday evenings—try our new tailor."

## Matter of taste

IN the house of a friend recently we had an interesting insight into the reading habits of the male young.

In the bedroom bookcase of the schoolboy sons we noticed the following books were dog-eared and worn: "The Pirates," "North Sea Boy," "Black Burying," "The Haunted Ranch," and "Daredevil Dick."

Still new-looking were: "Brother Scouts," "Lively Youngsters," "True is the Old Flag," "The Boy Through the Ages," and "Eric, or Little by Little."

## Tracker's medal

A DARWIN correspondent tells us that Tracker George, the aboriginal recently awarded a silver medal by the parents of the Spitfire pilot whose remains he found by the crashed plane last January, is expert at identifying planes.

When he reported his discovery at Fog Bay, 40 miles from Darwin, he named the plane as a Spitfire. The search party found the aircraft smashed and scattered over a large area and thus not readily identifiable. (It had crashed in 1941.)

George insisted it was a Spitfire.

Det. McNab, of the Northern Territory Police Force, handing him a pencil, asked, "Can you draw him Spitfire?" The accuracy of the sketch amazed everyone.

Last month George received a silver medal and chain from the pilot's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Dunning, Fullerton, S.A.

George has now given up tracking and owns his own vegetable garden at an old coffee plantation near Rum Jungle, 46 miles from Darwin.

He grows pumpkins and watermelons, and hopes later to include other produce for marketing in Darwin.

## Animal Antics



"Let me take you away from all this."

## Optimists

THERE'S a pleasing optimism about the makers of kitchen canisters.

New models still show the labels tea, sugar, flour, rice, and sago.

Last two haven't been sighted by housewives since 1942. There will be no rice sold this year. Australia's crops, apart from essential requirements, will go to the Emergency International Food Board.

Sago, if anyone is pining for it, won't be available until the end of this year at least, though pearl tapioca may appear sooner.

## Tools of trade

SOMEWHERE in the outback is a drover with two cattle-dogs, and somewhere else a tight-rope walker, high in the air at a circus. They don't seem connected, but they are. The link is the Tools of Trade section of the Repatriation Department.

An ex-serviceman may be given a sum not exceeding £10 (and a loan up to \$40) to provide himself with such tools of trade as are necessary to earn a living.

Thus the drover received his dogs; the tight-rope walker his tight-rope equipment.

A jockey, for instance, may have a saddle and whip. Nursing sisters have been allowed special watches for pulse-taking. A fishshop worker may have tools for fish-cleaning and oyster-opening; a freelance journalist a typewriter; a musician a musical instrument; an artist brushes and palette.

Each application for a grant is judged on individual merits. Sometimes applicants rather stretch a point in their requests.

For instance, one ex-serviceman asked for the grant to buy a wedding dress. She did not get it.

## THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Well, g'noon, she just decided to have this party at the last minute."

## Pleasures and palaces

ANECDOTE from a Bengal visitor: The Governor of Bengal, Sir Frederick Burrows, who was once a railway porter, and his wife retain some homely habits amid the splendor of the vast palace in Calcutta which is their residence.

When the host of servants have gone off duty, Lady Burrows switches on the electric kettle and brews her husband a nice "cuppa" tea.

Before the Burrows arrived in Bengal last year, Lady Burrows announced that she would scrub the steps of the palace herself as a gesture.

But when she saw there were 149 of them she changed her mind.

## Helping hand

THIS little story of modern manners comes to us from a Melbourne woman reader:

"I had waited 20 minutes at a stop for a bus to take me to a private hospital.

"A car pulled up. The driver jumped out, came over to me, and asked, 'Are you waiting for a bus?' I said 'Yes.' 'Well, I'm afraid you're wasting your time,' said the car driver. 'They're not running.'"

"Thereupon he got back in his car, slammed the door, and drove on up the hill in the direction I wanted to travel."

## Thanks from England

WE have received a letter from Mrs. Marie Bell, of Croydon, England, who wants to thank whoever was responsible for the sending of her Australian food parcel.

She enclosed a newspaper cutting describing the distribution of food gifts to many hundreds of aged and needy Croydon people.

"A large part of the food," states this account, "has come from the borough's Australian namesakes, Croydon, Victoria, and Croydon, Queensland."

Mrs. Bell writes: "I heard of friends having parcels from Australia and Canada. I tried not to be envious. At least I tried not to show it, but really I was, and now I can say I have one."

"I leave you to imagine how I feel. My heart is full of gratitude."

"Thank you, all of you who participated in the sending. Yours, very grateful and thankful, Marie Bell."

## Knitting for Princes

MRS. GILBERT GRAY, of Adelaide, now visiting her mother, Mrs. C. Inkster, in the Shetland Islands, is knitting jumpers for Prince William and Prince Richard, sons of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

Mrs. Gray travelled to England in the same ship as the Duchess. A keen knitter, the Duchess admired the lovely Fair Isle jumpers and caps which Mrs. Gray wore, and asked if she would knit one each for the Princes in blues, greys, beiges, and greens.

The jumpers will be genuine home products, because Mrs. Gray will supervise the dyeing, spinning, and weaving of the famous Shetland wool.

Mrs. Gray, whose home is in Wakefield Street, Adelaide, is visiting her mother for the first time in 20 years.

## Make-up for men

MR. AL DANIELS, of Boston, U.S.A., has cashed in on men who are conscious of "five o'clock shadow."

He has formed a company, Daniels Shadow-Proof Incorporated, and marketed a carnation-scented flesh-colored paste which camouflages the unshaven look.

An employee at a big New York store said it was the biggest event since wired brassieres.

One of the first users was Clark Gable, famous for his "blue beard."



"And that one I got for always washing the Colonel's clothes with RINSO!"

A Winner Every Washday  
**RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS**



I WANT TO DANCE AND SING NOW I USE RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS INSTEAD OF RUBBING WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAPS!

NO RUBBING MEANS CLOTHES LAST LONGER! IN EVERY WAY RINSO SAVES WORK AND TIME!

I'M SO HAPPY! MY WHITES ARE DAZZLING... COLOURED CAY AS SPRING BLOSSOMS! AND, REMEMBER, RINSO'S SUPER FOR WASHING-UP... IT DISSOLVES GREASE IN A FLASH!



Z.224.22



# Get wise! Get into

# Wool for winter!

"WOOL ATHLETIC SINGLET'S FOR ME!"



Summer or winter, men of action prefer wool next to the skin. That's because wool keeps the body at an even temperature, prevents chills by absorbing moisture and drying-off quickly. Then too, wool clings like a second skin and is just as supple. Nothing can take the place of real wool.

Wear woollen underwear and you have warmth without weight plus comfort. Woollen underwear no longer "mats" or "felts" or shrinks from washing, which means you can expect the same soft comfort from the woollen underwear bought this year for several winters to come.

"IF IT'S COMFORT YOU WANT — WEAR WOOL!"



"WHATEVER YOUR SIZE, WOOL FITS — AND IT'S SHRINKPROOF"



To be able to buy woollen underwear that fits is good. But it's even better to find that this year's styles fit just as well and feel just as fine even after countless tubbings. Manufacturers announce shrink-proofing of all men's woollen garments so that the washing of them presents no trouble at all.

"YOU CAN'T BEAT WOOL FOR WARMTH!"



Even lightweights—athletic singlets and trunks—ensure fireside warmth on the coldest bitterest days. Wool is what scientific types call a "living" fibre. It is capable of keeping the body at a comfortable and consistent temperature despite thermometer readings. And, of course, the beauty of deriving warmth from woollen underwear is the fact that extra outerwear becomes unnecessary.

"—AND REMEMBER, WOOL UNDERWEAR IS COUPON-FREE!"



Apart from all its other virtues, woollen underwear offers a grand saving of clothes coupons. And incidentally, ladies, how about getting into woollen underwear yourselves? It may be hard to find but what is to prevent those of you who are clever with knitting needles from making some. The knitting books show some styles which are very easily made.

Inserted by The Australian Wool Board

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 26, 1947



## Air crew training for our defence

**WITH** future Defence Training in the news, a word of warning should be timely. Our most potent weapon of defence, the RAAF, should not be neglected.

Not many years ago it was necessary to have a University education to enter air crew. The trials and lessons of the war, however, proved that the average Australian could do, and the memory of their glorious achievements will never perish. Now we are at peace we should not forget our early blunders and unpreparedness.

Service flying is a young man's game, and this makes frequent replacements essential, but Australia cannot afford to keep a large standing Air Force, and this is not desirable. A Citizens' Air Force should be formed, with a reserve of ex-air crew members.

The Air Training Corps should continue to function with the aid of a subsidy granted by the Government. This would prove popular with youths and those who proved themselves worthy. After reaching initial training school standards in signals, electrical science, and navigation, they could, when 18, enter flying school to graduate for an honorary commission.

The present glut of pilots and navigators will soon be over, and youths trained in this manner would have a wide field in civil aviation open to them. Australia would have a viable force ready in her defence if defence should again become necessary.

51 to ex-RAAF, 24 England Ave., Marrickville, N.S.W.

## What's on your mind?

### Technical education

**HAVING** lived among the "good old Aussies" while a prisoner-of-war in Japan, I came to know a lot about Australia. At the present moment they are sending me papers and magazines which tell me about the present-day Australia. These are very helpful to anyone who wants to know about your country.

The most interesting thing that I gathered is the modern and up-to-date technical education, and its development in Australia. We in Malaya are far behind time in this field.

Most young Malaysians are much interested in going to Australia for technical training in electrical, radio, or mechanical lines. We want the approved technical schools or colleges to be kind enough to publish full particulars in our newspapers.

Details about cost of tuition, qualifications required, and boarding fees are essential.

To my mind Australia is an ideal centre for our technical training. Besides that, it is very near, and we will spend less time and money. Well, we thank you, Australia and Australians.

5/- to G. C. Choon, 3 Sungei Kantan, Kajang, Malaya.

### Garden tea

**AS** a recent bride, I would like to make a few suggestions to the very kind people who give various types of "teas" for the bride-to-be. These usually take the form of a kitchen tea, shower tea, etc., but I think a rather original idea would be for a "garden tea."

Most engaged ladies usually commence their box by gathering items invariably given at these other teas. If the young couple are going into

**READERS** are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

a home of their own, a garden tea would be most appropriate. 5/- to "Bride" Mowbray Rd., Chatswood, N.S.W.

### Exception to the rule

**THE** schoolboy from De La Salle College, Armidale, who said the rule "i" before "e" except after "c" should not be taught, is right. I agree with him entirely. There are at least 100 common words which break this rule. There are society, science, and foreign, for example.

Also another thing is, although there is a paper shortage the school



children are still made to write out words that are wrong, no matter what in, from six to ten times each. I have had, on occasions, to do so 25 times each.

5/- to Cherry Hamilton (12), Stoneleigh, Stawell, Vic.

### They say so

**IN** every quiet we hear it, in almost every conversation. It always creeps in:

"They say this or that is going to be rationed."

"They say such and such is rising in price."

Sometimes it's more acceptable news:

"They say you can buy so and so down at Whosits."

It is always this mysterious "they" as the originator who discloses this secret information. Panic buying is the result, if you have the money to spend.

5/- to Mrs. D. Aver, 51 George St., Bundaberg, Qld.

### Pet may be pest

**THE** golden hamster, said to be the latest rage as a pet in Britain, certainly sounds a fascinating little animal. But Australian farmers will probably read with alarm the suggestion of importing hamsters here as domestic pets.

Surely the case of the rabbit should be a warning to us.

The hamster is said to produce a litter of eight to 12 only 16 days after mating. The young are ready to mate when only a month old. They are also said to be hardy, almost immune to disease, and adaptable to extreme changes of climate.

These little yellow rats would not even be eatable, like Brer Rabbit!

In my opinion, it is unwise to import a possible pest to this country.

5/- to Mrs. C. M. Taylor, Howarth, W.A.

## Guest-houses don't all give good service

**ADVERTISEMENTS** of guest-houses are often misleading.

Some of these establishments charge a high tariff and the only excuse offered for their many shortcomings is shortage of staff.

Often, guests have to wait on themselves, clean their rooms, supply linen and soap, while very often there are no laundry facilities.

The "hot" water stated as an added attraction means that it is usually four o'clock in the afternoon before a hot bath is possible.

The "beautiful tennis courts" are sadly neglected. Here again the excuse is lack of staff.

The food leaves much to be desired, the table linen is soiled, and cracked crockery is usual.

A husband and wife save all the year round for their holiday, and a disappointment is a real loss to them. Admittedly there are staff shortages, but the tariff remains high, and further bookings are accepted.

5/- to Mrs. G. Baker, 44 Tulloh St., Willoughby, N.S.W.

### Likes astrology

**I** WAS really surprised to see a letter under the heading, "Doesn't like astrology" (8/3/47). Maybe the writer does not like astrology, but there are plenty of readers who do.

Though not an actual believer in astrology, I can say that frequently in my life events have coincided with the astrological forecast. It is a well-known fact that the moon governs the tides, seasons, and the planting of vegetables. It makes one realise that there is more in astrology than entertainment value alone.

5/- to Mrs. Vera Vale, Vinahel, Alpha, Qld.

## No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 5

said: "Always you are right, Trudinka. Indeed, you were made for light and laughter."

"Take Gogol!" commanded Alan. "Think of that subtle union of mysticism and realism, more especially in 'Dead Souls'!"

"Well, what of it?" asked Wally. "It's all very well for you to say take Gogol, but nobody wants to, and what's more, we don't want to talk about dead souls, either. You run along with Vicky and have a game of billiards, or something."

"The panacea of the inevitable ball!" said Alan, with a bitter smile. "Does it puzzle you, Prince, our obsession with sport?"

"But I find that you are not obsessed with sport, my friend, but, on the contrary, with the literature of my country. Yet I must tell you that in translation something is lost."

**T**HE mention of sport put Ermytrude in mind of the borrowed shotgun, and she at once turned to catch Wally's eye. Failing, she was obliged to nudge Mary and to whisper: "Tell him to ask about the gun!"

Mary, who saw no reason for such stealth, at once said, "Oh, Uncle Wally, don't forget you were going to ask Mr. White for the shotgun."

Ermytrude thought such a direct approach rather rude, and blushed, but White was at once profuse in apologies.

"It slipped my memory," he said. "If you'd only given me a ring I could have brought it over to-night! I'll tell you what, Mrs. Carter, I'll pop across with it first thing in the morning."

"Oh, I'm sure I didn't mean—that is, Wally's shooting to-morrow, you see!" said Ermytrude, flustered. "Naturally, you're very welcome, what with Wally using it so seldom, and that."

Wally spilt the effect of this generous speech by giving vent to his annoying snigger. "Well, that's not what you said this morning. A nice slating I got for lending you the gun, I can tell you, Harold!"

Ready tears of mortification sprang to Ermytrude's eyes. Mary saw Steel watching her steadily, a little angry pulse throbbing in his temple, and said quickly: "Let's have a game of snooker! You'll play, won't you, Janet?"

Janet, however, said that she was so bad at it that she would prefer to watch. Steel was more obliging, and the Prince announced that nothing could give him greater pleasure. After a good deal of argument, Janet was persuaded to overcome her diffidence, and everyone but Ermytrude, Vicky, and Alan consented to play.

Vicky volunteered to mark, and Alan, refusing to play on the score that the sides were even without him, attached himself to her, and tried to hold her attention with a description of the wealth of sordid misery to be found in the works of Maxim Gorky.

The billiard-room was a very large room, one end of it being furnished to constitute what Ermytrude called a smoking lounge. Here Ermytrude ensconced herself, in a deep armchair. Between shots, the Prince stood beside her, conversing in low tones, a circumstance which did not find favor in Steel's eyes.

The game was necessarily a light-hearted affair, for the Prince and White were the only skilled players, and Janet insisted upon being told continually which ball to aim at, which pocket to put it in, and how to handle her cue.

White took no part in the coaching of his daughter, but seized the opportunity afforded by the Prince's patiently instructing her to draw Wally aside, and say to him in a confidential undertone: "If you're looking for a good thing, I think I can put you on to it."

Wally, who was nibbling his third whisky since dinner, was feeling slightly querulous, and replied in a complaining voice: "What about that money I lent you?"

"That'll be all right, old man," said White soothingly. "No need for you to worry about that."

"Oh, there isn't, isn't there? That's what you think, but I don't. Nice to-do there'd be if Ermy found out about it."

**I**GNORING the truculence of Wally's one, White said coolly, "She won't find out. I tell you it's all right."

"No, she won't find out because now I come to think of it you've got to pay it back next week," said Wally triumphantly.

These words, which were spoken in an unguarded tone, reached Mary's ears. At that moment, Janet, taking painstaking aim, mis-cued, and it became White's turn to play. As he walked over to the table, Mary caught Steel's eye, and realised, with a curious sinking of her spirits, that he also had overheard Wally's last speech.

He was standing beside Mary, and asked in an abrupt undertone whether Wally had lent money to White.

"I don't know," Mary replied.

Steel's hard gaze travelled to Ermytrude's unconscious profile. He swore under his breath. "Exploiting her!" he checked himself, remembering to whom he spoke, and said briefly, "Sorry!"

Mary thought it wisest to disregard his outburst, and began to talk of something else, but she was privately a good deal perturbed by what she had heard, and contrived, soon after the departure of the Whites, to get a word with Wally alone. Point blank she asked him whether he had lent money to White, and refused to be satisfied with his easy assurance that it was quite all right.

Questioned more strictly, Wally said bitterly that things were coming to a pretty pass now that his own ward spied upon him.

"You know I don't spy on you. I couldn't help hearing what you said to Mr. White to-night. You spoke quite loudly. Robert Steel heard you as plainly as I did."

Wally looked a little discomposed at this. "I wish that fellow would stop poking his nose into my business! It's my belief he'd like nothing better than to see me knocked down by a tram or something."

"Nonsense!" said Mary.

"It isn't nonsense. Any fool can see with half an eye that he's after Ermy. He wants her money, you mark my words."

Please turn to page 22



# AT SEA—On Orion's first



IN self-contained flat, Mrs. T. A. Field (Wahroonga, N.S.W.) and daughter, Betty. Suite has luxurious lounge with dining annex, entrance hall, bathroom, and large double bedroom.



LONDON BOUND to do post-graduate nursing course, Mollie Burrell (Sydney) plays deck tennis.



BISHOPS in dispute over king: The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop J. Panico (right), and Monsignor P. M. O'Donnell play chess in the verandah cafe. Father J. Donovan (Cronulla, N.S.W., centre) acts as adjudicator.

## Farewelled with banks of flowers, 5000 telegrams—and food

By ARCHIE MACDONALD, Special Representative travelling to London in the Orion.

We are 1300 "souls" London-bound this week in the 24,000-ton liner Orion, which is the first converted commercial liner to make a postwar luxury voyage.

For the first time since 1939 we sail under the ethereal term of the British mercantile marine—"souls."

THOSE of us who had the misfortune to travel by sea during the past seven years in troop and civilian transports moved under the Services' somewhat coarser definition of "bodies."

A large number of representatives of big business now in the Orion, who, as "bodies," travelled on war jobs in troopships, are finding it hard to get accustomed to their transmigration.

Ask almost anyone aboard the Orion their first impression of this first postwar ship and they reply:



LUNCHING in the deck restaurant, Mr. and Mrs. Bridget Green, and Mr. and Mrs. ...

"The almost incredible courtesy extended to everyone by the ship's complement."

Courtesy to passengers, a lost art afloat during the war and early postwar years, is back.

The passengers now are always right.

No ship's company has had a more difficult task than the handling of just over 8000 visitors in the ship for three hours before sailing from Sydney.

It was the largest crowd ever seen on a departing liner from an Australian port.

The Orion, according to accurate information supplied by its officers, settled an additional six inches when the maximum number of visitors and passengers was aboard.

She had risen six inches, of course, when the last visitors left at noon, and the giant engines turned over at 12.1 p.m., just one minute behind schedule—an incredible performance.

Visitors arrived at the ship in Woolloomooloo at 7 a.m. and brought breakfast and morning-tea baskets.

They settled themselves comfortably in the verandah cafe, tavern, lounges, or on deck, opening up cakes, sandwiches, and thermos flasks.

The crush aboard was terrific, but good-humored Cockney sailors and stewards moved the crowds around in orderly fashion.

The final bedlam of departure, as



IN THE TAVERN, a pre-dinner drink for Mr. Graham Thorp, Miss Robin Doyle, and Mr. Harry Neil, seated on stools in the colorful "pub" aboard.



LUNCHEON in Children's Saloon: Mrs. W. Porter and Countess Moltke with their children, Mrs. Philip Ashton's two children, Christopher and Catherine, and Mrs. K. M. Crawford and her daughter, Hilary.



COUNTESS MOLTKE, returning to Denmark after visit to her parents, watches her son, Norman, take a slide down the toboggan glide in the ship's nursery.

The Australian Women's Weekly—April 26, 1947



# luxury voyage



Mr. Williams, deputy chairman of Woolworth's Ltd., and his wife, Mrs. Williams, restaurateurs, of Elizabeth Bay and Katoomba (right).

Thousands of colored lanterns, the cheers, fluttering of the wharf and heads of all on board. The harbor the Orion had brought progress, with ferry boats, and the "bon voyage" to the ship.

Dozens of hands sorted and delivered them. Among the flowers were hundreds of food baskets, many containing 12 to 14lb. of hams, tinned meats, canned fruits, fats, asparagus and delicacies of all kinds.

Just before dinner the ship's staff completed the sorting of more than 5000 telegrams and hundreds of letters.

The sou'-westerly eased slightly for dinner at 8 p.m., and there was a fair muster of pale faces, a Cockney barber remarking as groups passed him, that he was amazed, as he had thought all Australians looked sunburned.

The dance square, brilliantly illuminated, and with a first-class band, came to life on B Deck, with glass weather shutters enclosing both sides, but only about 50 couples danced.

Orion's prewar treasures are still being unearthed from the store-rooms.

After leaving Sydney, a sailor found a framed extract of a journal by Captain, later Admiral, Sir Edward Coddington, telling how the Orion fought at Trafalgar on October 21, 1805.

The extract was presented to this Orion in February, 1936, by the Admiral's grandson, Lieut.-General Sir Alfred Coddington.

The extract will be cleaned and put in a suite.

The Apostolic Delegate (Archbishop Panico) celebrated Mass in



JOAN HIGGINBOTHAM, Despite cold weather Joan Higginbotham and Joy Hoodless (in water) take dip in sea. Mr. J. Middleton-Stewart, Ceylon, looks on.



WELL-KNOWN PARLIAMENTARIAN Mr. Percy Spender, K.C., M.H.R. (Warrigah) and his wife examine a very close "head" in a deck quoits game.



EMERGENCY BOAT DRILL: Five hours after the Orion sailed all hands were ordered to lifeboat stations. A steward helps Miss Joan Spence to adjust her lifebelt.

the lounge at 8 a.m. on Sunday.

Archbishop Panico received hundreds of farewell telegrams, and letters from all over Australia, and asked me if he could thank all senders through The Australian Women's Weekly, as it is impossible to reply to them from the ship.

He said he is visiting his 84-year-old mother near Brindisi. He has not seen her for nearly 13 years.

A keen movie photographer, the Delegate has sent to Rome a 16 mm. film personally taken since his arrival in Australia.

He intends to screen the film for the Pope, his mother, and the Pope's mother at the Vatican.

The film deals largely with visits to Italian P.O.W. camps throughout Australia, also with the activities of the P.O.W. bureau at North Sydney, which traced many Australian P.O.W.s in Italy and Germany.

Swimming pools were filled with heated water early on Sunday.

Mrs. Eve Kane, who is travelling from Sydney to London, was the first woman to enter the pool with the temperature at 50 degrees.

Several men braved the chill sou'-westerly for quick dips.

Later, when the sun shone wanly for half an hour, radio singer Joy Hoodless dived in with Joan Higginbotham.

Joy is studying singing at the Royal College of Music, London, and Joan will marry William Pollock, medical student at Guy's Hospital, when she reaches London.

Mrs. Ruth Harper, women's radio

sessionist on 2CH, sat rugged in the sun, amazed that anyone could take a swim in such weather.

Mrs. Harper is making a short visit to England to see her father, Sir Ernest Harvey, former Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, and her mother in Wiltshire.

Allan Grahame, the mother Ellen in the A.B.C. serial, "The Lawsons," for three years, received a writing-case from serial characters, who signed themselves as John, Jean, Sue, Hilda, Emmy, through the whole cast.

Mrs. T. A. Field, who occupies the "Nuffield" suite, after sending dozens of floral tributes to the tourist saloon and dining-rooms, relaxed with her tapestry.

She has made dozens of pieces of tapestry, including a whole suite in her home at Wahroonga, as well as pictures, stools, and tables.

Miss Bridget Green, who is accompanied by her guardian, Mr. E. H. Williams, deputy chairman of Woolworths, Ltd., has been about on deck all through the blow.

A trim, attractive blonde, she is going to finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Well-known Sydney social figures Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, Mrs. Rex Monoy, Mrs. Alan Copeland, Mrs. Philip Ashton, and Countess Moltke are delighted with the atmosphere of the boat-deck restaurant.

Despite the transport strike a crowd of about 500 sang as the Orion drew alongside Station Pier, Port Melbourne.

Wharflies at Port Melbourne started loading a huge cargo of food-stuffs for Britain, more than 30,000 food parcels, 5000 bags of mail, 30,000 boxes of butter, 25,000 crates of rabbits, 3500 cases of cheese, 7500 cases of tomato juice, and 90 tons of honey.



ON THE SPORTS DECK, Yvonne Orton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Orton (Sydney), plays deck quoits partnered by Dr. Gordon Cereche.



CHIEF BAKER JOE JONES serves Miss C. Asiola (Mosman, N.S.W.) at the festive afternoon-tea buffet. Pictures by Jack Hickson, staff photographer, who travelled in the Orion from Sydney to Melbourne.



## LOOKING at

Wally uneasily Mary said: "It's Aunt Ermy's money I want to speak about. You've no right to lend her money to Harold White."

Wally looked offended. "That's a nice way to talk to your guardian!" "I know, but I must. I can't bear to see Aunt Ermy cheated. If she was mean I mightn't mind so much, but she gives you whatever you ask for without a murmur, and to be frank with you, Uncle, it makes me sick to hear the lies you tell her about what you want money for. What's more, she's beginning to realise—things."

"I must say I didn't much like that crack of hers at breakfast today," agreed Wally. "Think she meant anything in particular?"

"I don't know, but I'll tell you this: if she finds out that you're lending money to White there'll be trouble. She'll stand a lot, but not that."

"Well, all right, all right, don't make a song and dance about it!" said Wally, irritated. "As a matter of fact, I was a bit on at the time, or naturally I wouldn't have been such a fool. Lending money is a thing I never believed in. However, there's nothing to worry about, because Harold's going to pay it back next week."

"What if he doesn't?"

"Don't you fret, he's got to, because I've got his bill for it."

Mary sighed. "You're so hopeless, Uncle. If he tries to get out of it you'll let him talk you over."

"Well, that's where you're wrong. I may be easy-going, but if it comes to breaking with Harold or getting under Ermy's skin, I'll break with Harold."

"I wish you would break with him," said Mary.

"You've got a down on poor old Harold. But, as a matter of fact,

he can be very useful to me. You'll sing a different tune if you wake up out morning and find I've made a packet, all through Harold White."

"I should still hate your having anything to do with him," said Mary uncompromisingly.

Harold White redeemed his promise of returning the shotgun early on the following morning by arriving with it in a hamper case just as Ermytrude was coming downstairs to breakfast. Following his usual custom, he walked in at the front door, which was kept on the latch, without the formality of ringing the bell, and bade Ermytrude a cheerful good-morning.

Ermytrude said pointedly that her butler could not have heard the bell, but White said heartily: "Oh, I didn't ring! I knew you wouldn't mind my just walking in. After all, we're practically relations, aren't we? You see, I've brought Wally's gun."

"As a matter of fact," said Ermytrude, "it's not Wally's gun. It belonged to my first husband."

"Ah, sentimental value!" said White sympathetically. "Still, I've taken care of it. Wally won't find his barrels dirty, for I cleaned them myself, and oiled them."

Ermytrude thanked him frigidly. She was slightly mollified by the discovery that White had kept the gun in his hamper case, but remarked with some bitterness that it was just like Wally not to have lent the gun in his own case.

However, when White, who always made a point of agreeing with her, said that Wally was a careless chap, she remembered her loyalty, and, remarking severely that Wally had more important things to think about, sailed into the breakfast-room, leaving White to restore the gun to its own case in the gun-room

## No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 19

at the back of the house.

"For since he makes so free with my house, I'm sure I don't see why I should dance attendance upon him," she told Mary.

The entrance of the Prince into the room diverted her thoughts, and she at once asked solicitously how he had slept. It appeared that he had slept better than ever before in his life.

Wally, when he put in a somewhat tardy appearance, was accompanied by the dog Prince, and spent several minutes in explaining to the human Prince that since the dog was necessary for the day's sport, he would be obliged to include him in the party.

"But of course!" the Prince said. "I'm very glad you take it like that," said Wally. "In fact, I don't mind telling you that this dog in question has been worrying us a good deal, because there's no denying it's very confusing to have a dog and a man both answering to the same name."

"Ah, you fear that when you call, 'Heel, Prince!' I shall come running to you!" smiled the Prince. "See, when you want me you should call 'Varasshivili!' and then there will be no confusion."

"Er—yes," agreed Wally, "but to tell you the truth I've a shocking memory for names. Runs in the family."

Ermytrude, who had tried several times to catch her husband's eye, interrupted him at this point, and began rather hastily to describe the rest of the shooting-party to the Prince. Besides himself and Wally, there would be Robert Steel, Hugh Dering, and Dr. Chester.

"He's good," said Mary, looking up.

"And Robert Steel's quite useful. Hugh says he's a rotten shot, but I daresay he isn't as bad as he makes out. I expect you're pretty good yourself, aren't you?"

He disclaimed, but not in such a way as to lead her to believe him. She said with a faint smile: "I hope you're not speaking the truth, because if you are the gamekeeper won't be a bit pleased. However, Aunt Ermy told me that you shoot a good deal, so I'm not seriously alarmed."

"But I find that you are a most unexpected lady!" he exclaimed. "Have you then arranged the shoot, and do you perhaps accompany us?" "No, I don't shoot myself, though I did arrange it. I've counted you and Maurice Chester as the good ones, Robert Steel as the medium one, and Uncle and Hugh as the definitely poor ones."

Vicky, who had drifted in through the long, open windows, in time to overhear this speech, said: "But I can shoot, and I think I might come, too."

"No, dearest, you most certainly will not!" said Ermytrude. "I shouldn't have a quiet moment."

Vicky became aware of the Prince, who had sprung up at her entrance, and smiled vaguely in his direction. "Oh, hullo! Now I come to think of it, I can't shoot to-day. I'm going out with Alan."

"Whatever for?" demanded Ermytrude, not best pleased.

Vicky selected a peach from the dish on the sideboard, and sat down in the chair the Prince was gallantly holding for her. "Well, I thought it would be a kind thing to do, because Janet's so very dim, and un-understanding about being miserable and squashed into a round hole."

"Well, if you want to know what I think, Alan's very lucky to have got a job at all," said Ermytrude roundly.

"Lawyers are dusty," murmured Vicky.

"It's a very respectable calling, and if you take my advice you'll tell Alan to stop talking a lot of nonsense, and get down to his work."

"Yes, but I shouldn't like to be articulated to a solicitor myself, so probably I won't," replied Vicky, with one of her pensive looks.

"That is the young man who came last night?" inquired the Prince. "Such a very earnest young man. Do you like him so much, Vicky? For me, a little dull."

"Oh, no! He writes poetry," said Vicky seriously. "Not the rhyming sort either. Can I have a picnic basket, Mum?"

"But, dearest, aren't you going to join the shooting lunch?" said Ermytrude, quite distressed. "Mary and I are going."

"No, I think definitely not," replied Vicky. "I thought I'd like to shoot, and now I've decided that after all I feel frightfully unbecoming, besides rather loathing game-pie and steak-and-kidney pudding."

"But, Vicky, this is cruel!" protested the Prince. "You desert us for a poet!"

"Yes, but I hope you have a lovely time, and lots of sport," she said kindly.

When Wally presently departed with his guest, Ermytrude could not forbear to utter a few words of warning to her daughter. It seemed to her anxious eyes that Vicky was treating Alan White with quite unnecessary tolerance.

"You don't want to go putting ideas into his head," she said. "Not but what I've no doubt they're there already, but what I mean is there's no need for you to encourage him."

"I think you're awfully right," agreed Vicky, wrinkling her brow. "Because for one thing, I haven't made up my mind yet whether I'm the managing sort, or the only-a-little-woman sort."

ERMYTRUDE turned appealingly to Mary. "Did you ever!" she exclaimed helplessly.

"Vicky, you're a goop," said Mary.

"Well, if I really am," said Vicky hopefully. "It quite solves the problem, because then I wouldn't be able to manage Alan at all."

She drifted away, leaving Ermytrude torn between diversion and doubt. Mary remarked sulkily that she thought there was no immediate need to worry over such a volatile damsel.

"In fact, if I were you, I'd let her go on the stage, Aunt Ermy," she said. "I believe that's what she'd really like best."

"Don't you suggest such a thing!" said Ermytrude, quite horrified. "Why, her father would turn in his grave—well, as a matter of fact, he was cremated, but what I mean is, if he hadn't been he would have."

"But why should he? You were on the stage, after all."

"Yes, my dear, and you take it from me that my girl's not going to be. Not but what she's a proper little actress, bless her!"

"Well, anyway, don't worry about Alan!" begged Mary. "I'm perfectly certain there's nothing in that!"

"I hope you're right, for I don't mind telling you nothing would make me consent. Nothing! As though I hadn't got enough to put up with without that being added!"

It transpired that Ermytrude had more to put up with that morning than she had anticipated. Having noticed on the previous day that a button was missing from the sleeve of the coat Wally was wearing, she went to his dressing-room to find the coat, took it to the morning room for repair, and discovered, pushed carelessly into one of its pockets, a letter addressed to Wally in an illiterate and unknown hand.

Ermytrude, who had no scruples about inspecting her husband's correspondence, drew the letter from its envelope, remarking idly that it was just like Wally to stuff letters into his pocket and forget all about them.

Mary, to whom this observation was addressed, made a vague sound of agreement, and went on adding

Hired one week ...nearly fired the next



THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."



W. 194. 18



up the household expenses. Her attention was jerked away from such mundane matters by a sudden exclamation from Ermytrude.

"Mary! Oh, my goodness! Oh, I never did in all my life!"

Mary turned in her chair, recognising in Ermytrude's voice a note of shock mingled with wrath. "What is it?"

"Read it!" said Ermytrude dramatically. "It's too much!" She held the letter out with a shaking hand, but as Mary took it she seemed to recollect herself, and said: "Oh dear, whatever am I thinking about? Give it back, dearest; it isn't fit for you to read, and you his ward!"

Mary made no attempt to read the letter, but said in her sensible way: "You know, Aunt Ermy, you really ought not to have looked at it. I don't know what it's about, but hadn't you better pretend you haven't seen it?"

The ready color rose to Ermytrude's cheeks. "Pretend I haven't seen it? Pretend I don't know my husband's got some wretched girl into trouble? I'll thank you to realise I'm made of flesh and blood, and not stone, my girl!"

Please turn to page 24

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 26, 1947





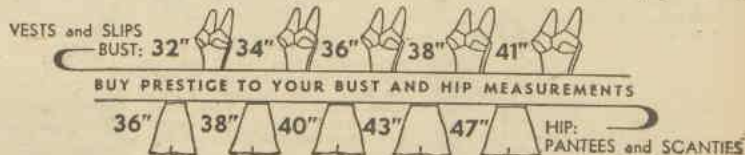
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**SCRAPHEAP-  
HERE I COME!**  
NO POT OR PAN CAN  
STAND UP TO SCRATCHY  
CLEANSERS THAT SCRAPE  
THINGS CLEAN



Vm. 4.32

## MARY was accus- tomed to Wally's gyrations, but this piece of information startled her. "You must be mistaken!" "Oh, I must, must I? Well, if that's what you think, just you read this letter!" "But honestly, Aunt Ermy, one doesn't read other people's letters." "No, all one does is to be beholden to one's wife for every penny one has, and then go round getting girls into trouble!" said Ermytrude bit- terly. Vicky entered the room in time to hear this dictum, and inquired with interest, "Who does?" "Your precious step-father!" snapped Ermytrude. Vicky opened her eyes very wide at this. "Does he? Darling Mummy, how did you find it out?" By this time Mary had decided to suppress her scruples, and had read the fatal letter. It was signed by one Percy Baker, who appeared to be the brother of the girl in ques- tion. Being a young woman of intelli- gence, Mary was easily able to recog- nise it as an attempt at blackmail. The writer used illiterate but force- ful threats, and ended by promising himself a visit to Greystones if he did not hear from Wally immedi- ately. Long association with Wally led her to assume that when he thrust the letter carelessly into his pocket he also thrust the memory of it from his mind. "This was written at the beginning of the week. To-day's Saturday. He'll turn up." Vicky took the letter out of her hand. "Angel-Mary, I do think you're dog-in-the-mangerish. Oh, I never knew anyone was called Gladys these days." "It's too much!" Ermytrude said, kneading her hands together in her lap. "It's too much! No one ever called me narrow-minded, but this is more than I'll stand for. I shall never be able to hold up my head again, and that's the truth!" "It may not be true," said Mary. She gave the letter back to Ermy- trude. "I don't mean that Uncle hasn't had an affair with this Gladys person. But if you think it over, it looks as though the girl must be a pretty bad lot. You can't imagine a girl falling in love with Uncle, can you? Obviously, she thinks he's a rich man, and this brother of hers is going to try and get money out of him." Ermytrude shook her head vigor- ously. It was evident that Wally's latest misdemeanor had seriously up- set her. Her color remained alarm- ingly high, and her eyes were bright and sparkling. Nor was Mary reas- ured by her rising abruptly to her feet and announcing that the subject would not bear further discussion. It was not Ermytrude's way to bottle up her grievances, and the stoddy cheerfulness of her voice, when she began immediately to talk about the prospective dinner-party, had the effect of disturbing Mary more than a lively display of hysterics would have done. Vicky seemed to feel this, too, for, following Mary out presently, she said rather unhappily that the at- mosphere was thickening too fast. "Volcanoes; sulphurous smoke," she added, in somewhat vague explana- tion. "I don't think it would be nice for her to have a divorce, do you?" "It may not be true." "Oh, I feel it! Poor sweet, I wish she could have got it off her chest to us, because now I think quite prob- ably she'll tell Robert Steel."

## No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 22

"She mustn't do that!" Mary said.  
"No, but I daresay she will," said  
Vicky, accepting it with exasperating  
nonchalance.

When Mary joined Ermytrude, it  
was with the intention of reopening  
the discussion, but Ermytrude said,  
still in that unnaturally repressed  
voice, that the least said the soonest  
mended. Rather to Mary's surprise,  
she soon made it plain that she  
meant to join the shooting-party for  
a picnic lunch, just as she had origi-  
nally planned.

Accordingly, they both set out, a  
little before one o'clock, in Ermy-  
trude's ponderous car, and were  
driven rather grandly to the ap-  
pointed rendezvous. Here the men  
soon joined them, and Ermytrude's  
bitter thoughts were a little dis-  
tracted by the discovery that the  
morning's sport had been enlivened  
by a slight mishap.

"In fact, Trudinka, almost we have  
added our good host's hat to the  
bag," the Prince said, with a gaiety  
that failed to lighten the scowl on  
Steel's brow, or the long-suffering  
look on Wally's face.

"Yes, you can laugh," Wally said.  
"Very funny for you. I've no doubt.  
Ha-ha!"

"But what happened?" asked Mary.  
Hugh, to whom her question  
seemed to be principally addressed,  
smiled, and shook his head. "Not  
guilty!"

"Don't be absurd! There hasn't  
been an accident, has there?"

"Of course there hasn't been an  
accident!" said Steel testily.

"Oh, no, of course there hasn't!"  
said Wally. "I've only had a couple  
of barrels fired at me."

"If a man's fool enough to move  
from his stand, he's asking to be  
shot!" said Steel.

"Yes, that's what you say, and I've  
no doubt you'll go on saying it how-  
ever many times. I tell you I didn't  
do any such thing!"

Dr. Chester, a quiet-voiced man  
of about forty, interposed before Steel  
could reply. "My  
dear Carter, you  
must have moved.  
Why go on argu-  
ing about it?  
Happily, there's  
no harm done."

Wally was  
greatly offended  
by this, and de-  
manded to be told  
whether he could  
have moved with-  
out being aware  
of it.

"Obviously, if  
you are unaware  
of it," said the  
doctor calmly.  
"How are you,  
Mary? Where's  
that young bag-  
gage, Vicky? Not  
coming?"

"No, she's gone  
out with Alan  
White." Mary  
drew a little way away from the  
group. "What really happened,  
Maurice?"

"Nothing much. Without wishing  
to offend you, your cousin is about  
the most unsafe man on a shoot I've  
ever encountered. Instead of staying  
where he was posted, he seems to  
have wandered along the hedge and  
nearly got shot."

"Who by?" Mary asked, a vague  
unacknowledged fear prompting  
the sharp question.

The level grey eyes scanned her  
face for one enigmatic moment.  
"Probably by Steel or Varasashvili.  
Why?"

"Oh, no reason!" Mary said. "I  
only wondered. It sounds just like  
Wally to drift aimlessly about. He  
probably didn't know he was doing  
it. Is the Prince a good shot?"

"Yes, very."

He seemed to be in a more than  
usually uncommunicative mood.  
Mary turned away from him to  
mingle with the rest of the party,  
and found Wally being voluble on  
the subject of what seemed, in his  
mind, to have become a deliberate  
attack upon him.

## EVENTUALLY

Wally threw out so many dark hints  
about those who would be glad to  
see him underground that even the  
Prince's smile grew to be a little  
forced, while Steel could only con-  
trol his rising anger by starting a  
determined conversation with his  
hostess.

"But this, in effect, is ridiculous!"  
the Prince said at last. "Who  
should desire your death, my dear  
Carter?"

"Ah, that's the question!" said  
Wally mysteriously. "Of course, I  
wouldn't know! Oh, no!"

Hugh, who was frankly enjoying  
the scene, removed his pipe from his  
mouth to remark softly to Mary:  
"I call this grand value. What's  
eating your impossible relative?"

"Oh, Hugh, isn't he dreadful?"  
said Mary in rather despairing  
accents. "I don't want to sound  
like Vicky, but things do seem to  
be getting a bit tense. I suppose  
he did move from his stand?"

"Can't say. I wasn't near enough  
to see. Steel and this superb Prince  
of yours say he did, and they ought  
to know. Why no Vicky?"

"She went off with Alan White.  
You'll see her to-night."

"What's gone wrong?"  
"Nothing really. Nerves, perhaps.  
Vicky's been talking about bottled  
passions and things and I've caught  
the infection."

"Good lord! She must be a  
pretty good menace," said Hugh  
partly amused and partly scornful.

Ermytrude, meanwhile, had been  
subjecting the rest of the party to  
a searching cross-examination.  
Wally's near escape put his misde-  
meanors temporarily out of her  
mind. She exclaimed a great deal  
over the misadventure, but disgusted  
Wally finally by giving it as her  
opinion that it had been all his  
own fault.

He became very sarcastic over the  
affair, and Ermytrude, who, like  
most persons of limited education,  
was instantly antagonised by sar-  
casm, immediately recalled her dis-  
covery of Percy Baker's letter and  
let fall some hints on her own  
account which were broad enough  
to make Wally feel seriously alarmed  
and the rest of the party extremely  
uncomfortable.



"Good-bye, Mrs. Tompkins, Mrs. McGreer, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Brandt, and Mrs. Marsh!"

Even Hugh, who was not ordi-  
narily sensitive to atmosphere, suf-  
fered from an impression of sitting  
precipitously on the edge of a vol-  
cano. The antagonism between Steel  
and Wally had never been more ap-  
parent; while behind the Prince's  
invariable smile lurked an expres-  
sion hard to read, but oddly dis-  
quieting.

The shooting lunch, to Hugh's  
growing comprehension, developed  
into a duel, not between Wally and  
his wife's admirers, but between  
these two men alone. Steel grimly  
possessive, the Prince flaunting his  
exotic charm, half in provocation of  
his rival, half to dazzle Ermytrude.

Suddenly Hugh realised that Wally  
was outside this scene, thrust into  
the negligible background. Neither  
Steel nor the Prince had a look or a  
thought to spare for him; it was as  
though they considered him con-  
temptible, or non-existent. Hugh  
had a lively sense of humor, but this  
situation, though verging upon farce,  
failed to amuse him.

He felt uncomfortable, and recalled  
Mary's mention of bottled passions  
with a grimace of distaste. Nasty  
emotions about, he reflected, and let  
it go at that.

To be continued

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eyes. The gay Persil dazzle of her  
frocks and little coats and things puts  
that fella in a whirl! When she hangs  
out her dazzling  
whites and colour-  
eds, even ma-  
in-law will be  
speechless!



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she know her man! Next best to  
apple pie, Pop goes for Persil dazzle.  
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Persil gives the whitest wash because  
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## LEWIS

ate a glum yet hearty lunch. Neither of his relatives who lingered at the table realised the reason for the stealthy manner in which he left the house, yet soon thereafter the quietness which was infrequent in the Sinclair residence departed also.

Loud cries arose from Stephen, who later had sauntered upstairs. He stormed down the stairs, and, bursting into the kitchen, flourished the mutilated trousers and babbled of treachery, theft, and worse.

"Gone!" he wailed. "Gone in his—I mean my—pants."

"Be quiet," his mother exclaimed at last. "Really, I wonder sometimes what I've done to deserve—Be quiet, I say, and listen to me. Go and find Lewis and tell him I want to see him at once."

Her stricken son moaned, cast down the damaged trousers, and rushed from the house.

A frantic canvass of the immediate vicinity confirmed his fear. No one had seen Lewis. Stephen turned despairingly to a search of the surrounding district. No one, he felt sure, would see his brother again until he appeared at the dance.

He was, he thought, wretchedly, unworthy of Molly Henderson. He had been a fool to think he could outwit his brother and escort Molly to the dance.

He might as well, Stephen told himself drearily, plod up to her house now and tell her the arrangement was cancelled.

Tears of frustration and self-pity so clouded Stephen's vision that he did not recognise at once the original author of his misery. He blinked. Uncle Alfred's sad eyes looked up mournfully. His robbery tail waved; a length of rope, frayed at its end, dangled from his collar. The boy grasped it, and Uncle Alfred submitted to capture with a sigh.

Stephen did not hasten to restore Molly's property. Her gratitude would be of no help now. Boy and dog wandered aimlessly along the way, their progress slowed by Uncle Alfred's earliest attention to each new roadside smell. Stephen wheeled nervously as a voice hailed him from the rear.

"Hello, Steve. My gosh, what on earth have you got there?"

"Dog," Stephen said coldly, and looked with more than usual distaste upon Dumbo Haskell, a classmate of slow mentality and fatish physique, who appeared additionally repulsive now in a blue blazer and stylish sports trousers.

"Sort of hound, isn't he?" Dumbo inquired.

"Sort of!" Stephen echoed with scorn. "Just a full-blooded bloodhound. That's all he is."

"Wish he was mine," Dumbo said.

Stephen proceeded to humble his classmate further.

"Wouldn't cost you anything—except about twenty quid."

"Gosh!" Mr. Haskell said with awe. Reference to cash recalled his own secret anxiety.

Uncle Alfred yawned, while Dumbo blurted the tale of his own troubles. Dumbo had no part of the purchase price of a full-blooded bloodhound. In fact—the confessing voice grew hoarser—he was indebted to the amount of nearly ten shillings, borrowed from time to time for pictures and ice-cream, to Socker Pell, a frightening character, who now was pressing for payment.

"Promised him I'd settle to-day for certain," he concluded wretchedly. Stephen was staring at the elegant trousers.

"I've got ten bob," he said. "Look, Dumbo, I'm in a kind of a jam myself," he went on. "It's—"

He improvised furiously. "It's like this—I must see Molly Henderson straight away. It's important. I just remembered it. Well—well, there are people there this afternoon, a party, sort of. So I can't go there looking like this, can I, in pants like these? Listen, Dumbo, I'll loan you my ten bob if you'll loan me your pants."

"S'pose I do? S'pose we swap and then you don't come back?"

"Don't come back? For gosh sakes, why wouldn't I come back?"

Mr. Haskell seemed to Stephen to have a peculiarly nasty mind. His desperate gaze fell upon Alfred, and he placed the rope's end in Dumbo's hand.

"That'll show you. You can keep him till I'm back."

## Uncle Alfred

Continued from page 7

Then a hasty exchange of trousers was made in the seclusion of nearby shrubbery.

Stephen breathed easily. Life had regained its earlier entrancing sparkle. Then he suddenly caught his breath. Molly was approaching.

"Oh, Stevie, have you seen Uncle Alfred?"

While he remained speechless, she went on hurriedly: "The poor lamb ran away again because mother tied him up and he didn't like it and ate the rope in half."

Words stuck in Stephen's suddenly glaucous mouth.

"He didn't come this way, Molly."

"But I saw his tracks in the dust. He started this way."

"Look, Molly," Stephen said, and admired his own calm. "Those must have been the tracks he made this morning. He's gone some other way. Maybe down into all that bush. I'll help you find him."

She believed that the haste with which he led her away was part of his desire to serve her.

"Listen!" Molly presently clutched Steve's arm.

"I thought," she said, "it was Uncle Alfred. There it is, Stevie, whatever is it?"

Lewis had remained carefully hidden in the family garage until the hue and cry had faded. When he emerged from it at length, he departed quickly. His purpose had clarified while he had lain concealed. He was on the way to Molly Henderson's house to convince her that his brother had been disqualified as an escort to the dance and to offer himself in Stephen's place.

Lewis was so concerned with framing a plausible story for his beloved that he almost collided with Dumbo and Uncle Alfred, who waited at the roadside in a common, mounting anxiety. Lewis halted and stared. Dumbo glowered and Uncle Alfred, recognising a late victim but harboring no ill-will, beat up the dust with his tail.

"Hey," Lewis demanded. "Where did you get him?"

Mr. Haskell, already regretting an earlier confidence, asked dourly: "Who wants to know?"

Here, Lewis' mind informed him, was a sure way to earn Molly's gratitude.

"Give him to me," he ordered curtly.

"Nix," Uncle Alfred's trustee blurted, and thrust him away.

## LEWIS

hit Mr. Haskell in the nose Dumbo clapped both hands momentarily to the injured member, and, recovering, flung himself upon his opponent. Uncle Alfred, freed, scuttled with agility away from the trampling feet, looked back indignantly at the wrestlers, and was checked in flight by the call of duty.

Here was the one situation in which Uncle Alfred, during his mis-spent education as a watchdog, had been taught to deal. He turned himself round and advanced conscientiously. The seat of Stephen's everyday trousers, now overfilled by Mr. Haskell, was a tempting mark.

There was a rending, a stricken cry. Uncle Alfred retired a space and looked about for commendation, while resistance leaked out of Dumbo like air from a punctured tyre.

"That mongrel bit me," he wailed.

He stood in the unlikely posture of one who tried to lift himself from earth, while Lewis snatched up Uncle Alfred's rope and marched triumphantly away.

Uncle Alfred stood disconsolately by the door while Mrs. Henderson looked from him to his escort with less than the friendliness Lewis had expected.

"Well," she conceded, "I suppose you meant it kindly, Lewis. Molly? Somewhere about. Still looking for that—catawampus."

"I'll find her," Lewis promised eagerly. Uncle Alfred, with the look of one to whom harsh words are daily fare, suffered himself to be led into the back yard. Lewis stared down with sudden interest into the accordion-pleated countenance. Bloodhounds, he recalled with glee, were used for finding the absent.

"Uncle Alfred," he cried softly,

"where's Molly?"

His companion looked interested but dyspeptic.

"Find her, Molly. Go get her," Lewis urged.

Uncle Alfred bent a weebegone head. His nose brushed the soil and he wandered about with a straddling gait, inhaling loudly. Presently his tail waved and his leash grew taut. He led the enraptured Lewis downhill.

They went on together, with increasing excitement. Presently the dog paused, sniffed more loudly, and looked up at his companion as though for guidance.

"Find her. Get her," Lewis urged.

Uncle Alfred lunged forward vigorously, as though embarking on a new, more entertaining mission. He moved now, with louder whoofings, at right angles to his earlier course, towards a swamp.

"Ouch!" Lewis cried suddenly and the rope slipped from his hand.

"Uncle Alfred. Hey, there! Wait!"

The dog, unheeding, plunged into dense undergrowth. Only the jerking of bushes now marked his progress towards a stand of stunted willows. Lewis stalked after him, sucking the wound a bramble had dealt his knuckles, and too late felt the squelch of mud beneath his feet.

He fought against dismay, and thinking of his precocious trousers clambered upon a hummock. Ahead of him crassings in the tangle indicated Uncle Alfred's continued search. This, Lewis thought with a chill of doubt, was a strange place for a girl to invade in seeking her dog.

"Molly!" he called, and a shocking noise answered him.

On the heels of Uncle Alfred's brief, excited bellow, loud splashings and grunting arose. While Lewis balanced on his perch, three cows burst through the second growth and bore down upon him with terror-blinded expressions.

He heard the cows rush past, and flung mire splattered about him. It seemed a long while before he could rise; a longer time before he could clear the mud even from his eyes.

A further crackling of brush made Lewis flinch. At sight of the dark and dripping spectacle that loomed above him, Uncle Alfred quailed, too, and for a moment abandoned his dearest pastime. Lewis snatched up the trailing rope. A stick lay providentially at his feet.

It was immediately thereafter that Molly heard the strange, enduring sound which startled and bewildered her. It rolled up out of the distance, mournful and sustained. Stephen listened critically.

"Nothing Uncle Alfred's size," he diagnosed at last, "could make all that racket. Must be a cow or something."

The noise ceased abruptly. Uncle Alfred lunged fiercely, jerked the rope from the hand that gripped it, and fled.

Lewis hurried his stick after the fugitive, then took a brief and sobering inventory of himself. Nothing but horrid ruin met his gaze.

Molly and Stephen, a little while later, encountered Uncle Alfred, who progressed in their direction to the accompaniment of protracted snuffings. The reunion filled the girl with rapture, and was evidently considered by the hound as one of the world's brighter moments.

"Look, Steve," Molly said as the trio moved on together. "How about coming home for tea?"

"Fine," Stephen gasped, dazzled by the splendor of a whimsical fate seemed now intent on according him.

In the gloom before the town hall, a dim form stirred in the shadow as Molly and Stephen passed and a hand reached out and caught the boy's arm.

"Steve, look," Dumbo's voice pleaded nervously. "Give me my pants. Please, Steve."

Stephen glanced anxiously towards Molly, who had paused beyond them and was looking back. Courage returned and with it a canny Lewis would have admired.

"Give me," Stephen demanded coldly, "my own pants and my dog, first."

"Gosh," Mr. Haskell bleated. Stephen rejoined Molly and went on into bliss unutterable.

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F4632.—Saucy dress for a glamor girl's day wear or evening, too. If dressed up with exotic accessories. Note new hip-line gathering. Obtainable in either three-quarter or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Pattern 1/3.

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F4635.—Desirable addition to any smart matron's wardrobe. Make yoke piping, belt, and pleat insets in darker color for added chic. Pattern may be obtained in either three-quarter or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material and 1yd. contrast. Pattern 1/3.

F4636.—Perfect suit for that important autumn date. So chic and appealing. Pattern may be obtained in either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Pattern 1/3.

F4637.—Dashing housecoat for the smart sophisticate to slip on for impromptu pre-dinner cocktails or after-dinner coffee. Pattern may be obtained in either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 1yd. contrast. Pattern 1/10.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 846.—Dainty little blouse for dresser occasions. It is already traced for you to cut out and make up in white rayon pique.

The unusual yoke gives the appearance of a collar, and to this the fullness over the bust-line is softly gathered. Sizes 32 to 34in. 18/11 (5 coupons); 36 to 40in. 21/6 (5 coupons). Postage, 8d. extra.



847

No. 847.—Fresh, neat little blouse to complement any autumn suit. It is traced ready for you to cut out and make up in white rayon pique. It has an unusual yoke effect and a high neckline which lies at the front. Sizes 32 to 34in. 23/11 (6 coupons); 36 to 40in. 25/6 (6 coupons). Postage, 8d. extra.

No. 848.—This darling bib for baby is traced ready for you to embroider on rayon crepe-de-chine in lovely shades of pale pink, pale blue, and white. Price, 1/6 each. Postage, 2d. extra.

N.B.—When ordering Needlework Notion No. 848, please make second color choice to avoid disappointment.

\* PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt shipment of orders by post you should: \* Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS \* Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on this page. \* C.O.D. orders are not accepted.



848

# Fashion PATTERNS



F4637

## Fashion Frock Service

"MURIEL" New, smart, and lovely This charming frock for day-long wear is made ready for you to wear in a lovely printed crepe. The frock buttons up and down the front and has a line of ruching around the shoulders and across the front yoke where it meets to form a soft, flattering bow. Sleeves are soft dolman shape and three-quarter length. Colors are grey background with cerise, mauve, and black; grey with teal-blue, mist-blue, and black; grey with teal, lemon, and black; grey with cerise, lemon, and black; grey with cyclamen, blue, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. 72/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. 75/6 (13 coupons); 39 to 40in. 78/11 (13 coupons).

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. 58/11 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. 61/6 (13 coupons); 39 to 40in. 63/11 (13 coupons).



## INTERSTATE OFFICES:

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frock, and Needlework Notions (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under. Patterns may be obtained from our offices or by post.  
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Box 491D, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4845W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)  
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F4639

F4634

F4635

F4636





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Fourteen days from ordering, you can receive by registered mail a made-to-measure foundation garment so minutely tailored for you alone you'll feel your figure has been sculptured anew! Not a stock garment—they don't exist at Michele—but a garment made for the "you" that your bedroom mirror reveals. And so confident are we of fitting you to your everlasting delight that WE GUARANTEE TO MAKE ANY ALTERATION FREE OF CHARGE—not that more than one woman in a thousand ever has cause to ask us. How can we be so confident? First, there's our tremendous clientele all over Australia and even beyond. Secondly, there's our sound experience of years spent making personal garments, each for one figure alone. Thirdly, we use an ingenious self-measurement chart which, once filled in, is carefully checked by our skilled superior, Miss Jane Harding, then re-checked and double checked all through the making stages. FILL IN AND MAIL COUPON TO-DAY—NOW!—AND BECOME CONVINCED OF OUR ABILITY ALWAYS TO ACT AS YOUR PERSONAL CORSETTIERS!

Before You Mail the Coupon find your garment in this exciting range.

#### MARIE

Whatever your figure be, whether W, O.B., or somewhere in between, the Marie foundation will lend you freedom of movement, yet firmness of control at the one time! Being essentially an everyday foundation, Marie is made to last. Bands are double-stitched, the number of bones are according to your wish, elastic inserts guaranteed handwoven, suspender attachments doubly reinforced, careful hemming throughout, choice of zip fastener or wrap-on style, and steel satin is available as an alternative to basile. Tick coupon under "Marie" for illustrated price list and self-measurement chart for this garment.

#### LOUISE

Here is the pantie which is your intimate companion on all those strenuous outings when your figure cries out for freedom of movement, and when stockings are discarded with—sport, dancing, all casual wear, and even the routine shopping trip. Tick coupon under "Louise" for illustrated price list and self-measurement chart for this garment.

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We extend to you a warm welcome to visit our exclusive and ultra-modern city salons in St. James Building, and to discuss with us your own particular corset worries.

The Michele Corset Salon,  
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MARIE	LOUISE	THERESE	DESIREE

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

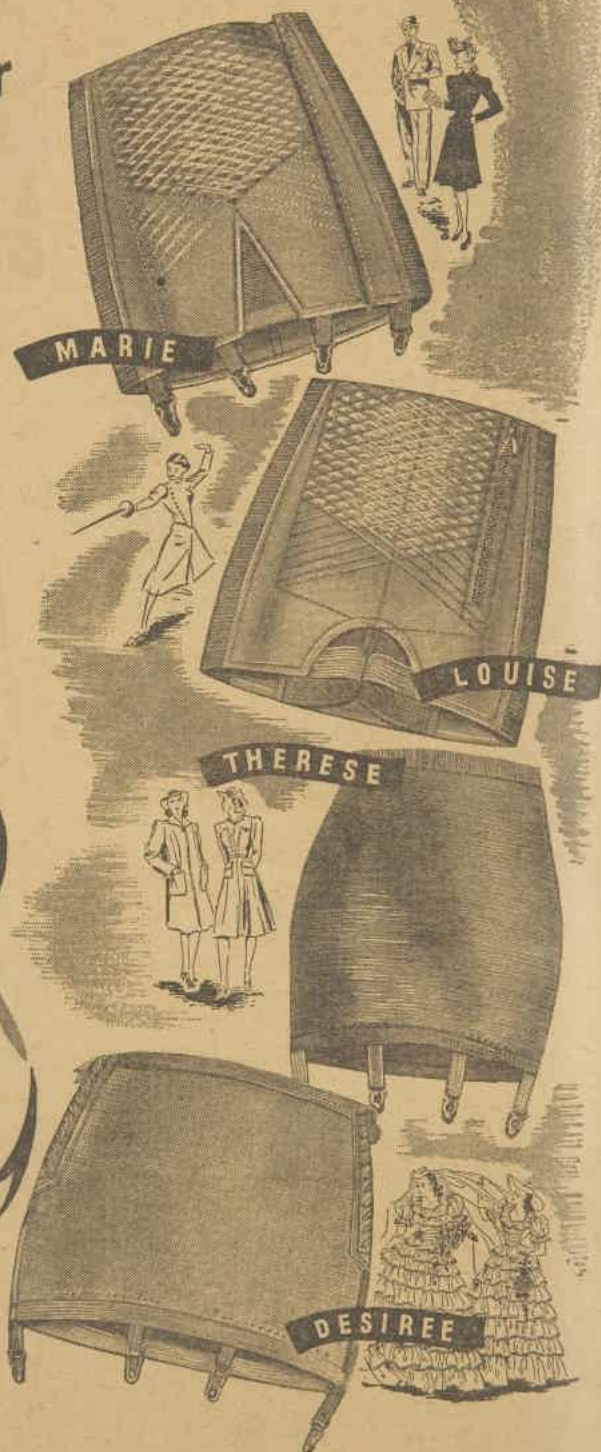
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#### ★ WHAT OTHER WOMEN SAY ABOUT THEIR MICHELETES

From Miss N. McG., Taorak, Vic.: "I have not worn any girdle as comfortable and as satisfactory as Michele Corsets." Miss A. Wara: "The garment purchased from you some time ago is still in excellent condition." Miss P.B., Brisbane: "... delighted because the garment is exactly as I wanted." Mrs. P.J. Bondi, N.S.W.: "... makes the job of a busy mother a much easier one." Miss M.F. Kirribilli, N.S.W.: "... thank

your staff for their courtesy and attention." Miss L.B., Lord Howe Island: "... the most comfortable garment I have ever worn. I will certainly recommend your firm to any inquirers."

(These extracts are from original, unsolicited letters on our files, which are open to inspection. The intimacy of our service precludes the use of full names and addresses.)





# IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice.

● Affection, companionship, protection, and the respect of the community are sometimes blindly and hastily thrown aside by married women who do not pause to consider the consequences of breaking up their home.

No husband and wife can live together for a number of years without discovering faults and limitations in each other. But it is in the close associations of family life, its shared joys and sorrows, that real and lasting happiness lies.

SINCE I have been conducting "If I Were You" I have been greatly disturbed by the number of letters I have received from married women who say that they find they no longer love their husbands but feel that other men could make them happy.

The letter I am answering below came to me last week.

AFTER being married at 16 and living quite happily with my husband, who is 14 years my senior, I have met a man much nearer my own age. He has made me realise that I never loved my husband, who had a hard and miserable life, but have felt only pity and comradeship. I have two children, and my husband loves me, yet I am strongly tempted to give them up

for the man I know can make me happy.

I doubt that you could ever be really happy knowing that you failed two dependent children and, by deserting him, added to the already hard lot that has been your husband's.

In making a secure, happy home, woman fulfils her highest calling. Don't you think that beside the happiness and well-being of these three people your own romantic happiness is relatively unimportant?

I do not mean that this is a trivial matter, but it would not be easy to build your future on the known unhappiness of your husband and children.

You are not the first woman who has had to choose between love and duty. Many women before you have chosen duty, and found in the love and dependence of their families a reward that has comforted and sustained them throughout their lives.

"OUR flat is right at the tram stop, and from my parents' room they can hear every word that is said at the door. Usually it is too late to ask my escorts in at night. It seems rude just to step out of the tram and in at the gate, leaving them to wait for the next tram. I never seem to finish up a pleasant evening gracefully."

Why not warn your escort on the way home that you feel it is too late to ask him in? At the door you can fill in a few minutes talking about where you have been, and then, when you think the tram will be coming, say good-night. Provided you don't talk loudly, your parents will surely have no objection to a few minutes' chat.

"WE are two girls (great friends) who are rivals for the same young man. Whichever one he is out with he says he likes, so we don't know what to think, except that he must be fickle."

I don't think he must necessarily be fickle; he may like each of you for different reasons. Evidently he likes neither so much that he feels he has found the one-and-only girl, and prefers to take you both out.

"I DO the housework at home, and am not paid for it. My married sister, who has a shop, would like me to work for her. Do I need my mother's permission to do this? I could have to leave home."

Provided you can keep yourself respectable, there is no legal bar to your leaving home if you are 16 years old or over.

But before taking such a decisive step, why not persuade your parents to let you get a job near your home? Or perhaps you would feel more independent if you were paid a wage for your household duties.

"HOW should I word a wedding invitation when my mother is dead and my father living in another State? I have been keeping myself for the past ten years. Would it be correct just to write a note to my guests?"

If you are being married from the home of relations, invitations should be sent out in their name. Otherwise, it is the accepted thing for the bride to invite her guests by note. Formal wedding invitations read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith request the pleasure of your company at the wedding of their niece, June Elizabeth, with

Mr. John Jones, Wednesday, July 4th, 19... at St. Peter's Church, St. Kilda, Melbourne, at 4 p.m., and afterwards at ...

If no reception is to be held, the invitation is issued for the church only.

"DOES the bridesmaid bug her own clothes for the wedding or are they paid for by the bride? I have asked my friends, but they all tell me something different."

Bridesmaids pay for their clothes, but it is a very inconsiderate bride who asks her maids to spend more than they can afford. One who is thoughtful of the friends she asks to attend her will suggest something simple and which may be worn again.

It is usual for the groom to give some small gift to the bridesmaids, and to pay for their flowers.

"I WANT to become engaged to a girl of 18, who says she is too young and will let me know when she is 21. She pays a lot of attention to other boys at dances, and says I am jealous if I comment on it. Should I give her up or be a little more patient?"

Give her up; if she was fond of you she wouldn't pay so much attention to others. I think she is making use of you.

## When writing for advice on your problem...

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O. Sydney. She will deal with letters only and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"MY girl friend's sister is jealous because before I came along the two girls used to go out together. We tried taking the sister to the pictures one night a week and to a dance on Saturday. She made things so bad at home that they now say I am breaking up the household. My girl won't agree to marry me without her mother's blessing, and she has now been forbidden to meet me."

You seem to have done everything—and more—that could possibly be asked of you. The sister is behaving disgracefully. While no girl likes to marry without her mother's blessing, it looks as though your girl will have to choose between you and a possessive family.

"OUR first baby is to be christened this month, and we would like a few friends to attend the christening. What is the correct procedure for entertaining after the ceremony? What refreshments are usually served, and is it necessary to have godparents?"

It is usual to invite to the christening celebration the clergyman who has christened the baby and to place

him at table on the hostess' left hand. The godfather or a close friend or relative proposes the baby's health, to which the father responds.

The party can take the form of a tea, cocktail, or luncheon party, with the usual refreshments served, with the addition of a christening cake, which is cut by the baby's mother.

Apart from the Church of England christening service, which calls for the presence of godmothers and godfathers, they are not essential to the christening ceremonies of Protestant churches.

"THOUGH I am 16 and have a job, when I go out with a boy it has to be without my father's knowledge. He thinks I just go with my sister (21) and the man she will soon be engaged to. Mother knows, but if I told father he wouldn't let me go out at all."

Ask your mother and sister to persuade your father to allow you to go out with parties of other young people. Provided you do not stay out too late and he approves of where you are going, he will probably not object. There is no need for you to go out in a two-some.

## THE SALESWOMAN SAID

"Er—yes, madam—that hat looks lovely!"



## BUT SHE MEANT

For heaven's sake! Her blotchy skin would spoil a Paris model!

Get rid of unattractive skin faults by using

**REXONA**  
MEDICATED SOAP



You're lovely, darling—more like Pamela's big sister than her mother these days!

NOT even a glamour hat can camouflage blotches and blackheads! Why try when you can avoid these faults so easily by the regular use of Rexona Medicated Soap? Rexona is specially medicated with Cadyl to clear away the impurities that cause sallowness and drab lifeless skin. It tones up the pores, keeps them healthy. Get a cake to-day—with gentle Rexona care, your complexion will stay clear and youthful always.



REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Citric Acid, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Benzyl Alcohol—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

X.34.26

## It's worth talking about

when you find out what tests have proved



## Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND NEW brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

PL 18.24



★  
**DENTISTS** throughout  
 Australia were asked  
 to examine and TEST . . .

**82%**  
 Voted it a better Toothbrush

# Tek

## Professional TWO-ROW

Before the two-row Professional was released to the public it was submitted to dentists throughout Australia. These dentists were asked to examine it carefully . . . and to give their opinions on its new design. Reaction was overwhelmingly favourable. Of those replying, 82% voted it a vastly improved toothbrush . . . agreed, too, that it conformed to professional standards in design.

Now, proved for years in America, approved by dentists in Australia, Tek Professional is available to you. Be up-to-the-minute! Give your teeth the added protection that Tek Professional's new two-row design and better bristles afford . . . Insist on Tek Professional.



Tek Professional is a companion toothbrush to Tek Standard — which is still available to those preferring it.

**1/6 1/2**

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON, WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS



# No deposit

By ALAN McLEOD

**H**AVE you ever wondered what goes on in that "3d. a Week—NO DEPOSIT" Lending Library around the corner?

Or have you just looked in our window, decided (a) there must be a catch to that no deposit notice, (b) we couldn't possibly house a novel more modern than "The Courtship of Eliza, or Sunshine and Shadows," and then passed on your way?

A great pity, because life behind that notice and those few stacks of double-titled literary gems of a past era is extremely absorbing.

At least I found it so, after a brief sojourn as an assistant in the Haysed Harvest Lending Library in our suburb.

From experience I am convinced that anyone, after a few months' work in a suburban lending library, could graduate to Scotland Yard. Searching for books with titles bearing no relation whatsoever to those demanded by customers gives remarkable polish to a library assistant's powers of deduction.

Often in the customer's mind the title is only an association of ideas. Once upon a time I'd have been stumped by this request: "I'd like a book called 'Blackmarket'."

Now I just nod knowingly, disappear behind the shelves, and

emerge with Montgomery's "Paying the Price."

One of my first assignments was tracing a book which the gentleman adamantly called "Give Me The Razor."

After an hour's searching I eventually unravelled this one. The required book was Tom Collins' "Such Is Life."

Amazing? Elementary, my dear Watson.

There are occasionally even more difficult deductions. The customers will remember, by some quirk of human nature, the catch-line of a newspaper review they came across. Unflinchingly they will demand the book of that name.

To avoid trouble, most librarians try to memorise all review titles in order to be spared undue strain.

One dear old gentleman came in looking for "Back Seat Driver." He fussed and bothered until inspiration bit me and I knew it was the new best-seller, "The Car Belongs To Mother," he wanted.

*The Great Dane arrived each Wednesday afternoon, a pink order-form in its gigantic jaws.*

There is always the shy, giggling woman customer who has no idea of what she wants, other than that it must be the book that all her friends were talking about at the bridge party at the MacWeinburgs last night.

Others want such a variety of books that it is necessary to charter a taxi-truck for each delivery.

Some unique practices are carried out in borrowing, however.

A Mrs. Phintingsamabob-Jones despatched her pet Great Dane each Wednesday afternoon with a small

bag around its neck and a pink order form in its gigantic jaws for a new book. The note was retrieved from the Great Dane's mouth, the volume placed in the little bag, and the messenger sent on his return trip.

One of our borrowers of six years' standing—an 80-year-old woman—had never entered the library. All transactions with her were by post, and every week we received a new request for a book on motors.

As her first intriguing request was a book on modern high-combustion engines and how to make them profitably, we could only conclude that, after six years, she was still striking some frightful combustion snag somewhere.

Hygiene-conscious customers can carry their phobia to ridiculous lengths at times. We had several who wanted our positive assurance that the books they selected had not been borrowed previously.

For apparently no reason whatsoever, the librarian is singled out from the hosts of others serving the public for the receipt in unlimited quantities of tales of luck (both varieties), the sharing of confidences, and the seeking of advice.

Countless numbers of apparently lost, stolen, strayed, or deliberately thrown-out children drift into every

library during the course of a day's work and bring forth the innocent statement, "Mummy wantech a bookkie."

The little dears are always so easy to oblige, for they readily assure one that "Mummy" has not previously borrowed such-and-such a book and that she is most interested in whatever one cares to mention. But the catch is that they are always without the money. Here many weak-hearts surrender. Some of the little things are really so cute.

Choices in reading material differ to considerable extent. Men, as a rule, like comedy, history, Westerns, and adventure yarns; while the fairer sex selects knitting annuals, romances, and, of course, detective stories.

Teen-agers, bless their hearts, are easily satisfied.

Give them a book in which the heroine is a sixteen-hands mare called Blossom and happiness blossoms for all in the 3d a Week, NO DEPOSIT lending library around the corner.

## Peck in search of Hindu food

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

**F**AVORITE pastime of actor Gregory Peck and his wife Greta is tracking down strange eating places and sampling exotic dishes.

Peck has developed a taste for Armenian, Turkish, and Hindu food as a result of their prowls among secluded restaurants in Beverly Hills and Los Angeles.

Tiny Greta, who has to try out all these dishes, comments: "It's all right as long as he doesn't expect me to cook any of them at home. I can do pretty well with corned beef and cabbage, but I draw the line at Running Shashlik."

**B**UMPED into Ginger Rogers heading for Columbia sound stage, where she is testing opposite Cornel Wilde for a role in a fantasy entitled "I Found A Dream."—Cornel is breathing a sigh of relief now that the heavy costumes and wigs of "Forever Amber" are back in the wardrobe department.

**T**HE Errol Flynn have christened their baby girl Rory.

**T**EEN-AGE Carol Ann Beery planned a surprise for father Wallace's birthday when she presented him with a film showing clips from his 250 past pictures made into one two-hour show. Film editors at MGM helped Carol choose and assemble the footage. Writer May Mann gave a birthday party for Vally where they carved a 24th turkey and presented him with a silver vase, engraved with the names of all his films.

**N**OW Rita Hayworth has decided on her divorce from Orson Welles, gossip expect old flame Tony Martin to reappear on the scene.

**A** DOZEN eager brunette film fans arrived in Hollywood by train as guests of Bob Hope for a three-day studio and night-club tour in conjunction with the showing of his film, "My Favorite Brunette," starring Dorothy Lamour. The girls were picked from eastern cities in beauty contests.

**B**ORIS KARLOFF laughingly agrees that his latest film role in a Dick Tracy picture is the closest to type yet. Karloff appears as a character named Gruesome, who heads an underworld group, using gas to hold his victims in a state of suspended animation.

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 26, 1947



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep



# Maureen O'Sullivan in new film role

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Tarzan's mate has swung down from her last tree.

At Paramount in her green trailer dressing-room, Maureen O'Sullivan, who is making a comeback in "The Big Clock" opposite Ray Milland after a five-year absence from the screen, assured me she has definitely finished with the Tarzan series.

**R**EASON she gave was that her eight-year-old son Michael said it embarrassed him to see his mother swinging from trees.

But from the twinkle in Maureen's blue Irish eyes as she spoke, I think she has other reasons for declining new Tarzan offers.

Maureen had not intended making any more pictures until husband John Farrow, who is directing "The Big Clock," told her he couldn't find a suitable actress for the part of Ray Milland's wife.

"He told me he wanted a girl of my type, then got a gleam in his eye and suggested, 'How about you doing it?'" she said.

"I always read John's scripts with him before he starts casting, and, having read this fascinating murder mystery, I told him I would make a test. But if I had heard one dissenting voice criticising me I would have refused the role, because I do not fancy people saying I got the job because my husband was the director."

Maureen made tests with several other girls, and then sneaked into the projection room where all the tests were shown to Paramount's executives.

## Success in test

**S**ITTING at the back, she heard them dissecting the work of the contestants, and found they were all in agreement that she was the one for the part, with no adverse criticism.

Maureen gave up her role of mother to her four children to resume movie work, and says she is undecided whether she will make other films after "The Big Clock."

The Irish girl who was brought to this country by Director Frank Borzage 15 years ago won much fame before marrying Australian John Farrow and retiring to devote her life to her children and home.

Lately Maureen has been recording children's stories which she originates herself, tries on the family, then records for a nationwide release.

She has a contract for 24 more records.

"I find picture making just the same as five years ago, and was nervous during the first days' shooting, though now I am back in my stride," smiled Maureen as she modelled a smart brown check suit and brown beret for her husband's approval.

Her skirt was much longer than is seen off the screen.

Maureen said: "This film takes

place next autumn, so our stylist, Edith Head, was forced to look far ahead in designing our clothes.

"Her greatest difficulty was with the extra players, who usually supply their own clothes.

"None of the 30 girls needed for a smart restaurant afternoon scene had long enough skirts, so Edith designed individual costumes for each girl in keeping with her ideas of next autumn's fashions.

"It was a lot of work for her, but the extras were delighted."

Maureen is very interested in her husband's native land, and says she hopes to visit Australia one day.

"I have met many interesting Australians whom John has brought home for dinner, among them the late Senator Keane and Mr. Frank Forde," she said.

Maureen told me her boys intend to become cowboys or pilots, and if their childhood ambitions persist she won't stop them.

Maureen and John make a good husband and wife team on the set.

His word is law, and she obeys like the other actresses. She enjoys working with her husband.

Farrow keeps an orchestra on the set playing mood music for the players as in the old silent days, but the musicians play only between scenes and are hard pressed to fill requests from Elsa Lanchester, Charles Laughton, George Macready, Ray Milland, and others, all of whom are appearing in "The Big Clock."

Elsa looked comical in the role of a peculiar woman artist intent on sketching criminals.

She wore a flapping black coat and a dress with the bosom draped in amber beads, and her red hair spraying madly from a large, squashed hat.

The story has Ray Milland as the editor of a crime story magazine involved in the murder of a receptionist, with wife Maureen doing much ferreting and revealing the real criminal in an exciting chain of events.

## Olivier to play the ghost in "Hamlet"

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

**F**ANS who complain they don't see enough of Laurence Olivier in films will have no cause for complaint over his latest role in "Hamlet."

From the mist of secrecy cloaking his technicolor production of Shakespeare's famed classic emerges the information that Larry will appear as Hamlet, as Hamlet's father, and as the father's ghost.

Like many films destined to dawn

on the film world with dignity and splendor, "Hamlet" has acquired an irreverent nickname among prop-boys. Italian-born producer del Giudice, who still gets in a tangle with the English language, couldn't get nearer the correct pronunciation than "Omelette"—so "Omelette" it is.

Cast with Laurence Olivier so far are Basil Sydney, Felix Aylmer, and renowned Irish actor P. J. McCormick, fresh from his magnificent performance in the recently released "Odd Man Out."

But the handsome young director-star Olivier hasn't yet chosen his Ophelia.

**CONSTANCE COLLIER**, who came to England with Paulette Goddard after a long absence, during which she played Hollywood character roles, is on a search through shops for bullseyes for her friend Charlie Chaplin. Since his boyhood in Kensington, London, they have been Chaplin's favorite sweet, and a slightly grim Constance is spending half her sweet ration on bullseyes.

**THANKS** to a gesture by Margaret Lockwood, promising feature player Dennis Price will leap right into the front rank of British stars as her leading man in "Milk White Unicorn." Margaret insisted on his

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RECENT picture of Maureen O'Sullivan, with director husband John Farrow, who is making "The Big Clock," in which she co-stars with Ray Milland.



SCENE from one of RKO's Tarzan films shows Maureen O'Sullivan as Jane, Tarzan's mate, with young John Sheffield, who played their son, Boy, in the series.

## Film Reviews

### ★★ I'LL BE YOURS

**U**NIVERSAL have chosen a Perce Molnar comedy, "The Good Fairy," as a basis for this story, which presents Deanna Durbin in another girlish Cinderella role, and allows her to sing her way in and out of a number of involved situations.

Story shows the sign of wear, and does not take kindly to being trans-

posed from a Continental background to present-day New York, but Durbin fans will find it pleasant enough entertainment.

She is in good voice and does very nicely with "Sari-Waltz" and the Augustin Lara tune "Granada." The lighter number, "It's Dream Time" (Jack Brooks-Walter Schuman), is also pleasingly presented.

Deanna comes to the big city to seek her fortune, becomes entangled with a waiter (William Bendix), an elderly millionaire roue (Adolphe Menjou), and a nice young lawyer (Tom Drake), hiding his charms behind an absurd beard. Once the beard is off, the way is clear for romance.—State; showing

### ★★ CALIFORNIA

**T**HE gold-rush days form the background of this technicolor Western by Paramount, with plenty of fistcuffs, double-dealing, and dissembled antagonism between stars Ray Milland and Barbara Stanwyck, until the fadeout clinch.

Despite the hackneyed theme, the film is better directed than most Westerns, and Miss Stanwyck is her usual competent self as the tough, poker-playing Lily of questionable virtue.

Milland plays a deserter from the Union Army who strikes trouble when he gets himself mixed up with the gold-rush and Miss Stanwyck. He does a lot of hard drinking, and takes a lot of hard punches, but is unconvincing at times, possibly due to the shortcomings of the script.

Barry Fitzgerald once again proves his acting ability as the itinerant farmer, Fabian.—Prince Edward; showing

### ★ SHADOWED

**P**RODUCER John Haggott and director John Sturges have collaborated for the first time to present a passable little drama for Columbia, in which Lloyd Corrigan is given intelligent emphasis as a featured character actor.

Corrigan plays the wealthy Casper Milquetoast, who gets mixed up with crooks, but manages to circumvent their schemes and bring them to justice. Anita Louise and inmate Helen Kford are convincing as his two daughters.—Capitol; showing



HANDSOME British star Stewart Granger feeds his brood mare and foal at his Haslemere estate during his one day of leisure a week. Granger is now working on "Blanche Fury," for Cineguild, in which he co-stars with Valerie Hobson.





**1—IRREPRESSIBLE** companions Cole Porter (Cary Grant) and Professor Monty Woolley decide to leave Yale and try their luck in show business. This is blow to Porter's family, who want him to be a lawyer, but pair get backing for first show, "See America First," starring Gracie Harris (Jane Wyman).



**2—OPENING NIGHT** seems a success, but audience walks out because of news of the sinking of the Lusitania. The show closes, and Porter enlists in the French Army, where a serious leg injury puts him in hospital. He is nursed by acquaintance Linda Lee (Alexis Smith), daughter of wealthy Kentucky family, and they fall in love.



## NIGHT AND DAY...



**3—BACK IN AMERICA**, Cole is confident his songs are what the public wants, and takes job as a song-plugger in a ten cent store with singer Carole Hill (Ginny Simms). He decides to produce another musical, and with the help of Woolley and their financial backers puts on "Fifty Million Frenchmen." Gracie Harris is again the star, and show is a great success.



**4—RECOGNITION** comes his way, and Porter produces another musical, "The New Yorkers," which stars Carole Hill. At the height of his success he receives offer to go to England, and, while there, marries Linda.



**5—GENEROUS FRIEND**, Gracie Harris, picks Mary Martin from chorus during rehearsals of new show, "Leave It To Me," and has her sing for Porter. Mary's singing of "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" is Broadway sensation and Cole reaches the peak of his popularity.

**6—AMERICAN CLASSIC**, "Begin the Beguine," is introduced to American audiences in another Porter show success, sung by Carlos Ramirez. Cole becomes wrapped up in his shows and Linda is left to herself. Feeling he no longer loves her, she decides to leave him and return to England.



**7—RIDING ACCIDENT** temporarily cripples Porter, and he has operation to save his leg. Through intervention of Gracie Harris, Linda learns of this, and hurries back to America. The pair are happily reunited.

★ Warner Bros.' technicolor musical, "Night and Day," based on the career of songwriter Cole Porter, gives Cary Grant, who portrays the composer, an opportunity to show his skill as a pianist. Grant was suggested for top male role by Cole Porter himself, because of his familiarity with Porter compositions. Mary Martin, who owed much of her success to Cole Porter, appears in the film, singing the number that swept her to stardom.



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**LIFE IS FULL OF KICKS**

and ha'pence,  
Still, a man may smile  
Even when misfortune hits him,  
As it must awhile.  
Balanced up, a man is happy  
When his health's secure  
Next time you've a cold, old chappie,  
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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**1** **POLITICAL** idealist Johnny (James Mason), who has escaped from prison, plans to rob a bank to get funds for his illegal organisation. His girl-friend Kathy (Katherleen Ryan) begs him to stay in hiding and let someone else go.



**2** **TACKLED** by a bank official, Johnny is badly wounded, and falls from the car in which Irish confederates make their escape. Dodging officials, he manages to crawl to nearest air-raid shelter.

## ODD MAN OUT

**JAMES MASON** and Robert Newton share acting honors with a brilliant Irish cast from Dublin's famous Abbey Theatre in this *Two Cities* film, which covers eight hours in the life of the fugitive leader of a lost cause.

As Johnny McQueen, whose blind political idealism finally brings about his own destruction, Mason gives what he himself described - as the most satisfying performance in his career, while Robert Newton is outstanding as Lukey, the crazed, failure-ridden artist.

The film also introduces Irish discovery Katherleen Ryan, who was seen by director Carol Reed while she was training at the Abbey Theatre School of Acting and brought to Denham for the part of Kathy.



**3** **HOUSEWIFE** Rosie (Fay Compton) befriends the wounded leader, but wants to contact police. He does not trust her, and steals away.



**4** **WEAKENED** through loss of blood, Johnny tries to contact Kathy, his only friend, but police shadow her in hope of catching fugitive.



**5** **HIDING** in an Irish public house, Johnny is found by Tober, a renegade medical student, and Shell, a shiftless tramp. They take him home, and Tober tries his neglected skill on the dying man.



**6** **TRAMP** Shell tries to contact Johnny's friends in hope of reward, but quarrels over his future with mad artist Lukey (Newton), who wants to paint him.



**7** **LEARNING** Johnny is going to the docks to try to board a ship, Kathy obtains one of the party's guns from the terrified Granny (Kitty Kirwin), and is determined to go with him and guard his escape. Both know the end is near.



**8** **EIGHT** hours later, Johnny is caught. Kathy shields him and pair die together as she shoots it out with police.



## Short velvet frocks are New York favorites

● Fine frills falling down the back from the swathed belt give a note of extravagance to the green velvet dress on the left. Bodice is made with cap sleeves and a deep V neckline. A suitable hair-do is shown—pom-pom curls caught to one side.

● Scooped neckline, long nipped-in waistline and shirring on the tiny sleeves and hip-line make this grey velvet frock specially suitable for the teenager. A very soft hair-do with the hair caught back in a grey ribbon bow and scarlet flowers is ideal with this design.

● Champagne velvet is used in the frock shown right, made with a deep square neckline and quaintly puffed sleeves. The skirt is very full, shirred over the hips on to plain bands tied into bows at one side. Costume jewellery is effective with this frock and should be matched by a gold hair-band.

● Off-the-shoulder neckline is edged with pink chiffon and beading in the short, brown velvet party dress on the right, designed by American Hattie Carnegie. A detachable tulle ballet skirt ties on with a velvet sash and can be left off if plainer effect is wanted.

● Cording and shirring form the off-the-shoulder neckline of the cherry velvet frock on the far right. It is designed with a full skirt and given the current hippy look by rows of cording, below a waist pulled in tightly with a single cord.

*Revue*









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When your feet ache so badly that you slip off your shoes at every opportunity, it's a sure sign that you need the help of Zam-Buk Ointment.

The refined medicinal oils go right into the aching, burning tissues, bringing immediate relief and comfort. Chafed and blistered places are quickly soothed and cleanly healed with Zam-Buk—and, remember, nightly treatment brings permanent relief.

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**Now—in Autumn,  
is the time to  
prevent winter  
Colds**

Prompt action now will go far to assure for you a winter without Colds or Influenza. Reinforce your resistance to infection with Anti-Bi-San, the "barrier builder" between you and germs suffering. Anti-Bi-San is a safe 3-day treatment that builds up immunity, and leaves no disturbing after-effects in the system.

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**For Beauty!**  
*Coverspot*  
Conceals Blemishes



**COCKTAIL SET FOR THE WINDING.** This snappy cocktail set was made from a sauce bottle, small-size beakers, and an off-white fishing line. Bands of gay, contrasting colors would be particularly smart for such a set. You could introduce narrow as well as broad strips. To make, you start at top, binding clockwise, taking in ends of twine as you go.

## A new safety standard in surgery to-day

By MEDICO

"WILL it be a dangerous operation?" asked Mrs. Winston, when I told her she would have to go into hospital to undergo a major operation.

"A new standard of safety has been reached in operations to-day," I assured her. "Never in the world's history have surgical operations been performed with such good results."

"What makes an operation safer now than, say, ten years ago?" she asked.

"The preparation of the patient before the operation. In your case, your trouble has made you anaemic. The pathologist's report on your blood shows that your blood is below standard, and it will be necessary to give you a blood transfusion before your operation. This will prevent weakness from developing after the operation."

"I thought blood transfusions were only given to seriously ill people."

"We have found that a transfusion is much more effective when it is given before the operation, especially if the patient is anaemic."

"So that's why my blood group was tested at the laboratory."

"Every patient has a blood-group test before an operation; so does every expectant mother at the six months' stage. If a blood transfusion is found to be necessary after the operation, or after the baby is born, there is no delay while the blood-group test is being made."

"I see that my blood group is A Rh negative. What does that mean?"

"All people are either group A, B, AB, or O, and are either Rh positive or negative. By knowing the blood group, the right type of blood can be ordered from the blood bank and only has to be studied under the microscope when mixed with your blood before it is given," I told her.

"The pathologist also tested what is called the protein in your blood."

"Why did he do that?" broke in Mrs. Winston.

"For a day or two after the operation," I answered, "you might not be able to take all the nourishment your body needs, so we make sure that you are in good condition beforehand. Actually, your blood protein is a little lower than it should be, and I want you to have, four times a day, a large glass of protein milk, as well as your ordinary meals."

"Beat four tablespoons of powdered milk, add a pinch of salt, and a few drops of vanilla, and it will build up your protein to tide you over the first day or two after the operation."

"The doctor who is giving you the anaesthetic will give you a thorough overhaul the day before the operation. As a result of that examination, he will select the anaesthetic which will best suit your condition."

"These preparations give me much more confidence than I expected to have," she said.

A surgeon to-day is like a General preparing for a campaign. He wants to know all the facts before he starts. In this way, he avoids trouble, instead of fighting his way out of it.

## Weight is not everything

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

SOME of you think that your baby's weight is the most important factor in its progress!

If your baby is as heavy for its age as your neighbor's, or heavier, you are very satisfied, but if it is a pound or so lighter, then you are at once a very worried mother!

While a steady gain in weight is an important guide to baby's progress, many mothers attach too much importance to weight only!

The relative weight depends often on hereditary factors, as to whether you have a small-framed or a big-framed baby, on its "growth impulse" before birth. Generally speaking, a large, fat baby at birth does not make such large weekly gains at first as the smaller, thinner baby.

Gain in weight has to be balanced with height and condition, as other physical signs of good nutrition have always to be considered in relation to weight.

You can obtain a leaflet explaining the place your baby's weight takes in its good nutrition if you send a stamped, addressed envelope with your request to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney.



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"When others suffer from winter colds I keep warm and safe from chills in Morley underwear. I like Morley's softness and lightness—they make you feel well-dressed underneath."

Morley "KANTSHRINK" woollens maintain natural body temperature and increase your resistance to colds. They're soft and light—and every "KANTSHRINK" garment is GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK.

Morley "VELNIT" interlock cotton is luxuriously soft and smooth, and wears and washes indefinitely. Because of its elasticity, a "VELNIT" garment keeps its size and perfect fitting.

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**M**ATERIALS necessary for normal growth, protection from illness, heat, and energy for body activity are all supplied by wholesome, nourishing food.

The average child is a fastidious eater and responds to food well prepared and presented in small quantities.

A peaceful atmosphere and pleasant surroundings help to entice the fickle appetite.

One to 1½ pints of milk, 1 ounce of butter, 1½ to 2 ounces of meat, orange juice, 1 egg, 1 serving of potatoes, 1 serving of leafy green vegetable, 1 serving of any other vegetable (preferably yellow type), wholemeal bread and cereal should be worked daily into the menu of the pre-school child.

Avoid monotony in serving—varied and interesting meals are as essential for children as for adults.

Adhere to regular meal times. See that menus do not include too many soft foods—teeth and gums need the chewing exercise provided by hard, crusty foods.

Starchy foods must be well cooked; meat and eggs lightly cooked.

Children like fruit, but often need coaxing when it comes to the so necessary salads. Present them in "party dress" sometimes. Curly-top salad (suggested on this page) is just one way of giving glamor to a simple salad—the children will love it.

Well-made custards, sauces, and cereal puddings are the best way of introducing milk into the diet of the child who cannot drink the maximum quantity in liquid form.

Foods which are important from the point of view of nutrition are frequently unpopular with children. The following

## Wholesome and Tasty

● Food for the pre-school child calls for careful preparation, discreet flavoring, attractive serving, and a knowledge of the basic nutritive needs of the fast-growing youngster.

By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

recipes will be helpful, introducing such foods in a more interesting and attractive manner.

### CREAMED LIVER WITH TOMATO

(Liver should be included in the child's menu once a week.)

Two or three thin slices of liver, 1 slice bacon, 1 dessertspoon flour, good pinch salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 extra teaspoons flour, 1 cup milk, chopped parsley, tomato wedges, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion.

Soak liver ½ hour in salted water; skin. Cut off required number of slices—balance of liver may be prepared for older members of family. Mix 1 dessertspoon flour with salt, coat liver slices thoroughly. Remove rind from bacon, fry gently in pan without extra fat. Remove from pan, cut into small pieces. Fry liver slices 3 or 4 minutes in bacon fat. Lift out, chop into small pieces, mix with bacon. Melt butter, add 2 teaspoons flour, cook 1 or 2 minutes without browning. Stir in milk

and pinch salt. When boiling add onion, simmer 5 minutes. Fold in liver and bacon; reheat. Serve garnished with chopped parsley and tomato wedges. To the serving-plate add peas, baked jacket potato, grated raw carrot.

### STEAMED FISH CREAM

(Steam fish first and remove all skin and bones before flaking.)

One cup flaked cooked fish, ½ cup white sauce, 2 tablespoons fine white breadcrumbs, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 tablespoon finely diced celery, salt, squeeze lemon juice.

Combine fish and breadcrumbs. Add celery, chopped egg, salt, and lemon juice. Fold in white sauce. Turn into well-greased mould, cover with greased paper. Stand mould in saucepan with about 2 in. of gently boiling water. Cover closely, steam 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with potatoes and greens. Mixture may be cooked in four individual moulds for 15 to 20 minutes.

ABOVE: Simple, wholesome food for the growing child: Vegetable broth, creamed liver with vegetables and tomato, milk jelly hearts with fruit. Gay, colorful, and chockful of nourishment to build sturdy youngsters.

### MOULDED RASPBERRY CREAM

(A simple egg-and-milk sweet flavored with raspberry jam.)

One scant cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pink coloring, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam.

Soak gelatine in hot water. Heat milk and sugar, stir into beaten egg-yolk. Add dissolved gelatine. Cook over boiling water until mixture thickens slightly. When nearly cold, fold in pink coloring, jam, vanilla, and, lastly, stiffly beaten white of egg. Pour into wetted moulds (individual size), chill until set. Unmould and serve topped with raspberry jam.

### MILK JELLY HEARTS

(A good way of working extra milk into the menu.)

One dessertspoon gelatine, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 cup milk, vanilla, 1 level teaspoon cocoa blended with 1 dessertspoon warm milk, green coloring.

Soften gelatine in warmed milk, add vanilla and sugar, stir until dissolved. Divide into two portions, add blended cocoa to one half, color the other half green. Pour into two wet sandwich-tins. When firm and set, turn out on to flat board, cut into shapes with a heart-shaped cutter. Sandwich chocolate and green hearts together, serve with stewed fruit.

Note: A smooth, well-flavored blanc-mange may be treated in the same way. Continued on page 39



Try this delicious  
Bournville recipe.



## CHOCOLATE LUNCH CAKES

1 lb. flour 1 egg  
1 good teaspoonful baking-powder  
6 oz. sugar Milk to mix  
1 1/2 oz. Bournville Cocoa  
4 oz. margarine or butter  
Few drops of vanilla flavouring.

**METHOD**—Mix the flour and cocoa together. Rub in the margarine or butter until like fine breadcrumbs. Add the sugar and baking powder and mix all together. Beat up the egg and add to the dry ingredients, with just a little milk and a few drops of vanilla. Mix all to rather a stiff consistency. Put into small greased cake-tins and bake in a hot oven for about 15-20 minutes. When cooked, remove from the tins, and while warm dust with castor sugar.

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BOURNVILLE COCOA**

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EGG-WHITE beaten with salt and cayenne pepper makes an ideal savory topping for cheese biscuits. Place a small amount of mixture on biscuits when cooked and return to oven till lightly set.

Novelty tops the prize list this week . . .

## POPCORN PARTY CAKE

**F**IRST prize in this week's recipe contest goes to a delightful party novelty—the children will love this orange-flavored cake with its colorful popcorn coating.

So your family think cabbage a dull vegetable? Try these two prize-winning recipes for serving cabbage with a difference. Cook it in a casserole with ham and cheese sauce or saute it with onion and apple well seasoned with curry powder—you'll have the family coming back for more.

### POPCORN PARTY CAKE

Six ounces margarine or butter, 6oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 eggs, 3 cups self-raising flour, about 1 cup milk.

Cream shortening and sugar well together with orange rind. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour and salt and add alternately with milk to make fairly soft mixture. Place into well-greased and lined loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven (400deg. F.) for 45 to 50 minutes. When cold cover with butter icing.

**Butter Icing:** Two tablespoons margarine or butter, 12oz. icing sugar, milk, green coloring, popcorns.

Cream shortening with as much of the icing sugar as it will take. Soften with a little milk and add remaining sugar. Color pale green. Cover sides of cake with icing, using knife dipped in hot water to give a smooth surface. Cover sides with popcorns and decorate top as illustrated.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. L. Gallagher, 16 Keirnan Ave., Gwynville, North Wollongong, N.S.W.

### HAM AND CABBAGE CASSEROLE

One small shredded cabbage, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 1/2 tablespoons flour, 1 1/2 cups milk, salt



HERE'S the popcorn party cake.

and pepper, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup chopped ham, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs.

Melt shortening, add flour, salt, and pepper, and cook for 1-2 minutes. Add milk and stir till boiling, then, lastly, fold in cheese. Place cabbage in greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with chopped ham, and cover with cheese sauce. Place breadcrumbs on top. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in a moderate oven till crumbs are slightly browned. Serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. A. Aberly, Lillimur, Vic.

### CURRIED WHITE CABBAGE

One firm cabbage, 1 large Granny Smith apple, 2 small onions, 1 dessertspoon butter or fat, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon water.

Melt butter in saucepan, add sliced onions and fry gently till tender but not brown. Peel and slice apple thinly, or grate coarsely—combine with shredded cabbage and add to saucepan. Season well with salt, pepper, and curry powder. Add lemon juice and water. Cover and cook over low heat 5 to 8 minutes, shaking occasionally. Serve as an accompaniment to main meat dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. V. Willis, 111 Bathurst St., Liverpool, N.S.W.

## WHOLESOME AND DAINTY . . .

Continued from page 38

### VEGETABLE BROTH

(The addition of an egg-yolk increases nutritive value.)

One mutton shank, 1 pint water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon barley, 1 onion, 1 small carrot, piece swede turnip, 1 stick celery, chopped parsley, 1 egg-yolk.

Remove as much meat as possible from the shank. Trim fat off, cut meat up finely. Place meat, bone, water, and salt into pan, stand 1 hour. Add washed barley, cover and simmer 1 hour. Add diced vegetables, simmer 1 1/2 hours longer. Remove bone, stir in beaten egg-yolk. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

### CURLY-TOP SALAD

(Peach halves, when in season, may be used instead of pears.)

Four pear halves peeled and cored, 4 small, curly lettuce leaves, 4 tablespoons grated carrot, 8 raisins, 4 thin strips tomato skin, sliced tomatoes, pink coloring.

Prepare four individual plates with a circle of overlapping tomato slices. Arrange a curly lettuce cup in centre of each plate. In each lettuce cup place a pear half, cut side down. Insert raisins for eyes, a strip of tomato skin for a mouth, and arrange grated carrot to resemble hair. Tint "cheeks" with pink coloring. Serve with rolls of wholemeal bread and butter.



**BABY:** Now you've had a swing at being me, how do you like it?

**MUMMY:** Honey, does your skin ever get so uncomfortable?

**BABY:** Often! That's why I bellow for the right kind of skin care . . . what I need is Johnson's Baby Powder and Baby Cream . . .

**MUMMY:** You do? But why both?

**BABY:** Simple! I need cooling sprinkles of satiny-soft Johnson's Baby Powder to keep me happy all day . . . Then I need gentle smooth overs with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Cream whenever chafes or skin irritations happen along . . .

**MUMMY:** Let me down lamb, we'll swing over right now for some Johnson's.



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Which day do YOU  
serve SAVOY?

Me? I don't serve SAVOY, but ask me "CAN I EAT IT!" Friday is SAVOY DAY at home, and every week the wife comes up with a new SAVOY dish. A meal a man can really enjoy! She's a wonder, the way she blends in the onions, tomatoes and cheese—meals fit for a king!

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I'm all glowing  
and warm, with  
**GLO-RUB**

Even the most obstinate cold will respond to a HEARNE'S GLO-RUB treatment. It is very simple. Just put a little GLO-RUB in the nostrils and use GLO-RUB liberally to rub the chest and throat. Its soothing and penetrating vapour opens up the nasal passages for easy breathing, releases secretions and soothes swollen and irritated membranes. It penetrates in through the pores of the chest and throat to do a power of good with its pleasant and comforting warmth.



"BREATHE IT IN—AND BREATHE OUT YOUR COLD"

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No longer do her charm and pleasure depend upon the waving of a magic wand, for today the Fairy Godmother of modern living is Gas!



*are over !*



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Gas - with its automatic appliances - brings added leisure and more time for pleasure with a simple flick of the fingertip. The Cinderella days of domestic drudgery are but fairy tales of the past to the fashionable housewife who combines wise home management with taste and discrimination . . . and in her home instals Gas, of course!



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